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PENSION BILL PASSES HOUSE

Sherwood Measure, Adding \$75,000,000 to Pension Roll, Is Accepted

AMENDMENTS OBTAINED

Democrats Declare That the Bill Knocks In the Face All Pretensions Made in Last Campaign.

The Sherwood service pension bill, which would add upwards of \$40,000,000 to the government annual expenditures by granting increased pensions to Civil and Mexican war veterans on the basis of length of service, was passed by the House Tuesday night despite the determined opposition of many Democratic leaders. Secretary of the Interior Fisher had estimated that the bill would add \$75,000,000 to the pension roll if the 400,000 veterans eligible take advantage of the increased wage. The vote was 229 to 92.

The bill now goes to the Senate where there is a disposition to pass some form of amended service pension legislation. Senate leaders, however, will proceed slowly in the consideration of this legislation and many House Democrats voted for the measure in the belief that the Senate would not pass it.

The Salloway age pension bill, passed by the House last spring, failed of passage in the Senate at that time. This republican measure was offered unsuccessfully in the House as a substitute for the Sherwood bill. Scores were offered and a

RISKS LIFE TO SAVE FRIEND

Gurnee Man Stops Runaway Team at His Own Peril

Joe Adams is the hero of Gurnee. Thursday afternoon he risked his own life to save a friend from being ground to death under the heels of spirited team of horses. The man who was saved from certain death was John Mullery, a pioneer resident of Lake county, who recently celebrated his 91 birthday.

Mullery, who is employed by John Thomas, a Gurnee farmer was exercising a team of spirited colts, when one of the reins broke. The old man lost control of the horses. The team went tearing down Grand avenue at a high rate of speed. Mullery doing his best to keep them in the middle of the road. The old man succeeded in directing the onward rush of the team by using the whip. When the team would attempt to turn out of the road he would apply the whip.

Adams appeared on the scene at the critical moment. When he learned of the runaway he threw in the high speed gear on his machine and took up the chase in his automobile.

Driving the machine within an arm's length of the terror-stricken horses, Adams threw out the high speed gear, and made a leap for the back of the "off" horse. He caught the horse by the bridle. Mullery had to be assisted from the rig. The aged man was removed to his home, and a doctor summoned. His condition is regarded as critical. He is suffering from fright.

Gurnee residents will petition Andrew Carnegie to award Adams with a "bravery" medal.

F. T. FOWLER RECEIVES APPOINTMENT

Frank T. Fowler, a Lake County farmer, has been retained by the aldermen of Boise, Idaho, as commissioner of the department of streets and public improvements, and left for that place last week, assuming his duties Monday morning.

Mr. Fowler has had unlimited experience in this line of work. During Busse's reign as mayor of Chicago, Mr. Fowler had charge of the street department and has served one term as a member of the board of local improvements in the city.

He resigned his position as head of the street department in Chicago three months before Harrison was elected mayor. During the years that he worked for the city of Chicago he received much mention and credit.

Mr. Fowler owns a 160 acre farm at Fourth lake which he has leased for a period of two years.

BOARD REFUSES TO BUY AUTO FOR SHERIFF

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors this week that body refused to grant the petition of Sheriff Green of this county, which asked that he be granted an automobile for his use in serving papers, and in pursuit of criminals. This petition was laid over from the October term and at the session Wednesday it was decided that the sheriff could hold his office without a machine and the prayer was not granted.

The supervisors also refused to grant the petition of the Lake County Historical society for an appropriation of \$200 for the preservation of historical spots in this county. It had been the custom in other years to grant this society the sum of \$100 per year, but last year this was not done, and the petition presented at the October term asked for the money for two years.

MARIE SORENSEN CHRISTIAN NELSON ARE MARRIED

Tuesday evening at eight o'clock at the home of the brides parents Mr. and Mrs. Sorensen at Lake Marie occurred the marriage of their daughter Marie to Mr. Christian Nelson, Rev. A. O. Stixrud performed the ceremony in the presence of only the immediate family. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson will reside with the bride's parents until spring when they will move onto a farm near Pikeville.

Italica. Italica were first used about A. D. 1500 by Manutius, a Venetian printer, who dedicated them to the Italian states. Hence the name. The first book set up in Italica was an edition of Vergil printed at Venice by Aldus in 1501. A copy of this rare book is preserved in the British museum.

AUTO ASS'N IS BACK OF CASE

Will be Made One of the Most Noted Cases in the History of the State

ANOTHER TRIAL IN JANUARY

Attorneys Claim Case Has Big Feature in That It Seeks to Establish Definition of Reasonably Safe Roads

Announcement was made Saturday that the suit of John R. Gibson as administrator of the late Harvey Gibson against the town of Salem, which was ended in the circuit court on Tuesday when Judge Belden directed a verdict for the defendant town, will not be dropped, but it will be appealed to the supreme court and an effort will be made to make it one of the most noted cases ever heard in the state on account of the fact that the attorneys will seek to establish through this case some ruling from the supreme court as to the "reasonable safety" of a highway.

Attorney Calvin Stewart and Wallace Ingalls are representing the plaintiff in the case and they have been notified that the Wisconsin State Automobile Association will take up the case and provide for the appeal of it to the supreme court in the interest of good roads in Wisconsin. The association sees in this case a possibility of the handing down of a decision which will establish the right of the people to proper roads. The officials hold that no road is reasonably safe that is not wide enough to permit two wagons or two automobiles to pass at any point of the road. The Salem case has been to the supreme court and at that time it was Edward Collier who was the plaintiff.

In the first trial of the case Collier was awarded damages by a jury but Judge Belden changed the answers to some of the questions, these changes resulting in the verdict being practically set aside. The attorneys for the plaintiff at once took the case to the supreme court and the court instead of granting a verdict for one side or the other sent the case back for a new trial.

This case is going to be fought just as long as there is a court to fight before, said Attorney Stewart. I don't know how much the Wisconsin Automobile Association is willing to put up to aid the fight, but I have been advised that the officials of the association are ready to help in bearing the expenses of the appeal, but under any circumstances we are going to keep fighting until we get some decision from the supreme court as to when a road is reasonably safe. Such a decision will be just as good as a law passed by the legislature. At the present time there appears to be no law by which a town board can be forced to make the country roads safe and it is going to be the mission of this case to bring a change in this condition.

The briefs for the appeal of the case are already being prepared and it is expected that the case will again come up for trial at the January term of court.

MORTGAGE FOR 12 MILLION IS FILED IN LAKE CO.

One of the largest mortgages ever filed in Lake county was filed Monday afternoon by the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois, which is the recently formed combination of electric light companies, headed by Samuel Insull of Libertyville and Chicago.

The mortgage covers all the company's holdings in Northern Illinois, which includes the holdings of the North Shore Electric company in Lake county. It is for \$12,495,000 and is in the shape of a good sized pamphlet in printed form. The whole thing has to be copied in the records of Lake county.

The same mortgage has to be filed in all the counties where the company owns property and it touches almost every county in northern Illinois. Lake county, however, having about as large a percentage as any of the counties, in fact, it is likely none has more property than Lake.

DOWIE JR. DISCARDS ZION FAITH

Has Declared His Intention of Becoming an Episcopal Clergyman

MOVE IS GENERAL SURPRISE

Deserts the Teachings of Zion and Affiliates With the Church That His Father Fought

Gladstone Dowie, son of the famous builder of Zion City, Dr. John Alexander Dowie, is to become an episcopal clergyman. The only living child of the famous leader, has become a candidate for orders in the episcopal church as he has entered the Western Theological Seminary in Chicago.

This means that Gladstone has discarded the beliefs and teachings of his father as originally started in Zion City. It also means that he has decided to abandon the teachings which his mother lately strove to install in her husband's loyal followers, that Dowie and his church and teachings should be perpetuated. It is recalled that she recently started holding meetings in Chicago and sought to gather followers of her husband, who, since his death remained lukewarm to his teachings. In her effort she succeeded but slightly and prospects did not appear any too bright and it is reported, she became discouraged and planned to abandon her efforts.

But the move of Gladstone Dowie to become an Episcopal clergyman comes as a big surprise to the many other factions there. It had not been known that Dowie, who is a lawyer by profession, had any inclinations toward following in the footsteps of his father even as a religious teacher in another church than that which his father started.

Dowie, Senior, conducted a war against the Episcopal and all other churches all his life hence the fact that his son deserted his father's plans and ideals at his death did not create much of a surprise but the fact that the son has taken steps to enter church work of another denomination, one which his father had bitterly fought, just shows how time changes things.

The younger Dowie never was very enthusiastic over his father's work in Zion City, but nobody ever thought he would abandon his ideas to such an extent that he would take steps to become a minister in a church which Dowie, his father attacked repeatedly.

AUTO FOR THE INMATES OF THE R. R. MEN'S HOME

Christmas cheer has already been brought to the unfortunate inmates of the Railroad Men's home at Highland Park, explained in full in the following from the Highland Park Press:

"A beautiful, 36-horse power, Carhartt car, billed to John O'Keefe, manager of the Railroad Men's home, was unloaded at the Northwestern freight house Tuesday morning and once more the men at the home have cause to bless the man who has done so much for them. The car which is a \$2,500 machine was manufactured in the donor's factory at Detroit. It will be used entirely for the pleasure of the men and will be a great boon to them during the summer months, especially those who are unable to walk. Through the kindness of Mr. Carhartt many of the men will get their first view of the beautiful country which surrounds their home. With the car Mr. Carhartt sent a large portable steel garage."

Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to Sequoit lodge, A. F. and A. M. and Chapter No. 428, O. E. S., the Modern Woodmen and the Royal Neighbors for the beautiful floral offerings, and also the singers at the funeral of our dear departed husband father son and brother.

Mrs. Vida Hucker and children Mrs. J. M. Hucker. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Messing

OLDEST CHURCH BURNED

The Old Catholic Church at Mill Creek was Burned to the Ground Friday night

St. Patrick's Catholic church, better known as the Mill Creek church, and probably the very oldest church in the county, having been built sixty years ago, burned to the ground Friday night. The damage is estimated at \$5,000. The origin of the fire is unknown. Fortunately the parish of the church had just completed the erection of a new church and are all ready to dedicate it. The church that burned was one of the oldest landmarks in the county. Father Foley is in charge of the parish.

The blaze was discovered at 11:30 o'clock by the Knox family, who live but forty rods away. At that time the church was a mass of flames. The alarm was spread as rapidly as possible and with almost incredible speed a bucket brigade was formed in an effort to save the old structure.

Efforts were in vain, however, as the fire burned so fiercely that the volunteer firemen could not approach the building, which threatened to be gutted at any moment.

Hundreds of people stood about helplessly, unable to do anything to save the building. The origin is unknown for although there had been services there Friday, it is said that no candles had been left burning. There are some who are of the opinion that a tramp crawled into the building and set it on fire accidentally.

SECOND DEATH IN THE FAMILY WITHIN A WEEK

Sunday at the Luken home, Millburn, occurred the death of Mrs. James Armour mother of Mrs. Lukens, pneumonia being the cause. It is recalled that Mrs. Lukens died last week and at the time of her death, Mrs. Armour was very sick with the same trouble which claimed Mrs. Lukens.

One of the Lukens children, a girl of 8, was also very sick but is now somewhat improved. The death of the mother of Mrs. Lukens being followed so closely by her mother's, has created a profound wave of sorrow in the vicinity where the two families are well known and prominent.

The funeral of Mrs. Armour was held Tuesday at 11:30 a. m. in Millburn cemetery.

INSPECTOR MAKES TOUR OF COUNTY

Z. I. Blaisdell, an inspector of the department of health of Chicago, with Officer Clarence Hicks of Waukegan started out this week to make a tour of the dairy farms of Lake County, to inspect them in regard to sanitary conditions. The farms will all be inspected not only those who ship milk to Chicago but others as well.

Mr. Blaisdell it in the employ of the health department of Chicago and has for his special task the inspection of dairy farms.

He expects to be employed in this county until he has inspected every farm and all conditions not of the best will be ordered corrected. This inspection will be made an annual affair and follows the passage of the state law prohibiting the enforcement of a tuberculin test for cattle.

LARGE SALE OF SEALS IN LAKE COUNTY

Reports seem to indicate that Lake County has a splendid chance of being the banner county of the state in the sale of the Red Cross Christmas seals.

Already about 100,000 seals have been sold in the county and those in charge of the sale say that there will not be the least difficulty in disposing of the remaining 50,000 seals that made up the county's order for 150,000.

Prominent Lake County people are donating liberally, one man alone having purchased fifty dollars worth, and others taking large amounts. Miss Stella Harper of Waukegan so far holds the record of having disposed of the largest number of seals of any young woman in the state, her sales having reached the 13,000 mark.

Never Changed in Nature. The bees which may have lived longest in the woods undisturbed by man would be transferred from their wild abode to a hive and brought out to a modern apiary as much at home and as tractable to man and his methods as any bees in the yard. Their type, habits and instincts remain unchanged whether wild or in so called domestication.

WHITNEY DISMISSES JURORS

Lectures Attorneys For Not Being Ready When Cases Are Called

COUNTY EXPENSE STUDIED

Circuit Judge Declares County Shall Not Pay Jury Close to \$100 Per Day to Do Nothing

That Circuit Judge Charles Whitney does not intend that the County shall be subjected to any unnecessary expense in maintaining juries was clearly evinced on Tuesday when he dismissed the jury and practically brought the court to a close.

This move on his part was entirely unexpected and some of the attorneys were made to sit up and take notice when the Circuit Judge made it clear to them that the court would not be held open for their accommodation.

The case of Lund against the Chicago and Milwaukee electric, a damage suit, had been started Tuesday morning, and as such cases usually consume a considerable amount of time there was something of a surprise sprung when the attorneys in the case announced that they had reached an agreement to have the case postponed. The judge was willing to grant the postponement and at once called the next case. The attorneys were not ready. He called the next, the attorneys were not in court, and so on the judge went down the docket calling the cases in their order. None of the attorneys were ready and in most cases they were not in court to answer to their call. The chief reason being that they had relied on the Lund case taking up time.

When it was found that none were ready the judge turned to those present and addressed them thus: "I wish the attorneys to understand that this court can not and will not be kept open for the convenience of the attorneys and at the expense of the county. It costs the county in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars per day to keep a jury here and when cases are not ready to act upon I don't propose to keep them here waiting for counsel to get their witnesses together and proceed at their convenience. If parties want to law it, they must pay the jury, the county will certainly not be placed in the position of paying this heavy expense and having nothing accomplished."

It is interesting to know that the judge in delivering this lecture was simply acting in accordance with the rules made by the Lake County Bar Association itself. Last summer the bar association held a meeting at which it was decided that to expedite the work of the court all members of the association who had cases to be tried should be ready to go to trial at any time. Thus when Judge Whitney Tuesday morning found that not one of the lawyers was ready to go to trial he simply followed the new rules of the association.

He had it in his power to demand that the lawyers bring their cases up for trial immediately or have them dismissed but he did not enforce his prerogative.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Resolutions of respect adopted by Lotus Camp No. 657, M. W. of A. Whereas, death has again entered our camp room and taken from our roll of members our esteemed Neighbor, Wm. H. Hucker,

Therefore Be It Resolved, That Lotus Camp hereby extend to the wife and children of our deceased neighbor our heartfelt sympathy, knowing that theirs is the greater loss, and again pledging ourselves to do all we can for the widow and orphans in this their hour of sorrow, and assuring them that The Modern Woodman of America, and Lotus Camp in particular, stands ready to answer any appeal for assistance.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days and that a copy of this resolution be printed in the Antioch News and a copy sent to the widow.

J. C. James. A. O. Stixrud. Ed Garrett.



Compliments of the Season

A Christmas Story

by O. HENRY



HERE are no more Christmas stories to write. Fiction is exhausted; and newspaper items, the next best, are manufactured by clever young journalists who have married early and have an engagingly pessimistic view of life. Therefore, for reasonable diversion, we are reduced to two very questionable sources—facts and philosophy. We will begin with—whichever you choose to call it.

Children are pestilential little animals with which we have to cope under a bewildering variety of conditions. Especially when childish sorrows overwhelm them we are put to our wit's end. We exhaust our paltry store of consolation; and then beat them, sobbing, to sleep. Then we grovel in the dust of a million years, and ask God why. Thus we call out of the rat-trap. As for the children, no one understands them except old maids, hunchbacks, and shepherd dogs.

Now come the facts in the case of the Rag-Doll, the Tatterdemalion, and the Twenty-fifth of December.

On the tenth of that month the Child of the Millionaire lost her rag doll. There were many servants in the Millionaire's palace on the Hudson, and these ransacked the house and grounds, but without finding the lost treasure. The Child was a girl of five, and one of those perverse little beasts that often wound the sensibilities of wealthy parents by fixing their affections upon some vulgar, inexpensive toy instead of upon diamond-studded automobiles and pony phaetons.

The Child grieved sorely and truly, a thing inexplicable to the Millionaire, to whom the rag-doll market was as interesting as Bay State Gas; and to the Lady, the Child's mother, who was all for form—that is, nearly all, as you shall see.

The Child cried inconsolably, and grew hollow-eyed, knock-kneed, spindling, and corkily in many other respects. The Millionaire smiled and tapped his coffers confidently. The pick of the output of the French and German toymakers was rushed by special delivery to the mansion, but Rachel refused to be comforted. She was weeping for her rag child, and was for a high protective tariff against all foreign foolishness. Then doctors with the finest bedside manners and stop-watches were called in. One by one they chattered futilely about peptonmanganate of iron and sea voyages and hypophosphites until their stop-watches showed that Bill Rendered was under the wire for show or place. Then, as men, they advised that the rag-doll be found as soon as possible and restored to its mourning parent. The Child sniffed at therapeutics, chewed a thumb, and waited.



The Child Grieved Sorely and Truly.

for her Betsy. And all this time cablegrams were coming from Santa Claus saying that he would soon be here and enjoining us to show a true Christmas spirit and let up on the poorrooms and tontine policies and platoon systems long enough to give him a welcome. Everywhere the spirit of Christmas was diffusing itself. The banks were refusing loans, the pawnbrokers had doubled their gang of helpers, people bumped your shins on the streets with red sleds, Thomas and Jeremiah bubbled before you on the bars while you waited on one foot, holly-wreaths of hospitality were hung in windows of the stores, they who had 'em were getting out their furs. You hardly knew which was the best bet in balls—three, high, moth, or snow. It was no time at which to lose the rag-doll of your heart.

If Doctor Watson's investigating friend had been called in to solve this mysterious disappearance he might have observed on the Millionaire's wall a copy of "The Vampire." That

would have quickly suggested, by induction, "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair." "Flip," a Scotch terrier, next to the rag-doll in the child's heart, frisked through the halls. The hank of hair? Ah! X, the unfound quantity, represented the rag-doll. But, the bone? Well, when dogs find bones they—Done! It were an easy and a fruitful task to examine Flip's fore feet. Look, Watson! Earth—dried earth between the toes. Of course the dog—but Sherlock was not there. Therefore it devolves. But topography and architecture must intervene.

The Millionaire's palace occupied a lordly space. In front of it was a lawn close-mowed as a South Ireland man's face two days after a shave. At one side of it and fronting on another street was a pleasurea trim-



He Sat Betsy on the Bar and Addressed Her Loudly and Humorously.

med to a leaf, and the garage and stables. The Scotch pup had ravished the rag-doll from the nursery, dragged it to a corner of the lawn, dug a hole, and buried it after the manner of careless undertakers. There you have the mystery solved, and no checks to write for the hydropathic wizard or almanac notes to toss to the sergeant. Then let's get down to the heart of the thing, these readers—the Christmas heart of the thing.

Fuzzy was drunk. Not riotously or helplessly or loquaciously, as you or I might get, but decently, appropriately, and inoffensively, as becomes a gentleman down on his luck.

Fuzzy was a soldier of misfortune. The road, the haystack, the park bench, the kitchen door, the bitter round of eleemosynary beds-with-shower-bath-attachment, the petty pickings and ignobly garnered largesse of great cities—these formed the chapters of his history.

Fuzzy walked toward the river, down the street that bounded one side of the Millionaire's house and grounds. He saw a leg of Betsy, the lost rag-doll, protruding, like the clue to a Littlebitan murder mystery, from its untimely grave in a corner of the fence. He dragged forth the maltreated infant, tucked it under his arm, and went on his way crooning a song of his brethren that no doll that has been brought up to the sheltered life should hear. Well for Betsy that she had no ears. And well that she had no eyes save unseeing circles of black; for the faces of Fuzzy and the Scotch terrier were those of brothers, and the heart of no rag-doll could withstand twice to become the prey of such fearsome monsters.

Though you may not know it, Grogan's saloon stands near the river and near the foot of the street down which Fuzzy traveled. In Grogan's, Christmas cheer was already rampant. Fuzzy entered with his doll. He fancied that as a mummer at the feast of Saturn he might earn a few drops from the wasall cup.

He set Betsy on the bar and addressed her loudly and humorously, seasoning his speech with exaggerated compliments and endearments, as one entertaining his lady friend. The loafers and bibbers around caught the force of it, and roared. The bartender gave Fuzzy a drink. Oh, many of us carry rag-dolls.

"One for the lady?" suggested Fuzzy impudently, and tucked another contribution to Art beneath his waistcoat.

He began to see possibilities in Betsy. His first-need had been a success. Visions of a vaudeville circuit about town dawned upon him.

In a group near the stove sat "Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley, and "One-ear" Mike, well and unfavorably known in the tough shoeing district that blackened the left bank of the river. They passed a newspaper back and forth among themselves. The item that each sold and blunt for-

signer pointed out was an advertisement headed, "One Hundred Dollars Reward." To earn it, one must return the rag-doll lost, strayed, or stolen from the Millionaire's mansion. It seemed that grief still ravaged, unchecked, in the bosom of the too faithful Child. Flip, the terrier, capered and shook his absurd whiskers before her, powerless to distract. She walked for her Betsy in the faces of walking, talking, ma-ma-ing, and eye-closing French Mabelles and Viollettes. The advertisement was a last resort.

Black Riley came from behind the stove and approached Fuzzy in his one-sided, parabolic way.

The Christmas mummer, flushed with success, had tucked Betsy under his arm, and was about to depart to the filling of impromptu dates elsewhere.

"Say, Bo," said Black Riley to him, "where did you cop out dat doll?" "This doll?" asked Fuzzy, touching Betsy with his forefinger to be sure that she was the one referred to. "Why, this doll was presented to me by the Emperor of Beloochistan. I have seven hundred others in my country home in Newport. This doll—"

"Cheese the funny business," said Riley. "You swiped it or picked it up at de house on de hill where—but never mind dat. You want to take fifty cents for de raga, and take it quick. Me brother's kid at home might be wantin' to play wid it. Hey—what?"

He produced the coin. Fuzzy laughed a gurgling, insolent, alcoholic laugh in his face. Go to the office of Sarah Bernhardt's manager and propose to him that she be released from a night's performance to entertain the Tucktown Lyceum and Literary Coterie. You will hear the duplicate of Fuzzy's laugh.

Black Riley gauged Fuzzy quickly with his blueberry eye as a wrestler does. His hand was itching to play the Roman and wrest the rag Sabine from the extemporaneous merry-andrew who was entertaining an angel unaware. But he refrained. Fuzzy was fat and solid and big. Three inches of well-nourished corporeity, defended from the winter winds by dingy linen, intervened between his vest and trousers. Countless small, circular wrinkles running around his cont-sleeves and knees guaranteed the quality of his bone and muscle. His small, blue eyes, bathed in the moisture of altruism and woolzness, looked upon you kindly yet without abashment. He was whiskery, whiskily, fleshly formidable. So, Black Riley temporized.

"Wot'll you take for it, den?" he asked.

"Money," said Fuzzy, with husky firmness, "cannot buy her."

He was intoxicated with the artist's first sweet cup of attainment. To set



"Money," Said Fuzzy With Husky Firmness, "Cannot Buy Her."

a faded-blue, earth-stained rag-doll on a bar, to hold mimic converse with it, and to find his heart leaping with the sense of plaudits earned and his throat scorching with free libations poured in his honor—could base coin buy him from such achievements. You will perceive that Fuzzy had the temperament.

Fuzzy walked out with the gait of a trained sealion in search of other cafes to conquer.

Though the dusk of twilight was hardly yet apparent, lights were beginning to unspangle the city like pop-corn bursting in a deep skillet. Christmas eve, impatiently expected, was peeping over the brink of the hour. Millions had prepared for its celebration. Towns would be painted red. You, yourself, have heard the horns and dodged the capers of the Saturnallians. "Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley,

and "One-ear" Mike held a hasty converse outside Grogan's. They were narrow-chested, pallid striplings, not fighters in the open, but more dangerous in their ways of warfare than the most terrible of Turks. Fuzzy, in a pitched battle, could have eaten the three of them. In a go-as-you-please encounter he was already doomed.

They overlooked him just as he and Betsy were entering Costigan's Casino. They deflected him, and shoved the newspaper under his nose. Fuzzy could read—and more.

"Boys," said he, "you are certainly damn true friends. Give me a week to think it over."

The soul of a real artist is quenched with difficulty.

The boys carefully pointed out to him that advertisements were soul-



Fuzzy Entered the Millionaire's Gate and Zigzagged Toward the Softly Glowing Evidence of the Mansion.

less and the deficiencies of the day might not be supplied by the morrow.

"A cool hundred," said Fuzzy thoughtfully and mushily.

"Boys," said he, "you are true friends. I'll go up and claim the reward. The show business is not what it used to be."

Night was falling more surely. The three tagged at his sides to the foot of the rise on which stood the Millionaire's house. There Fuzzy turned upon them acrimoniously.

"You are a pack of putty-faced boogie-boys," he roared. "Go away. They went away—a little way."

In Pigeon McCarthy's pocket was a section of two-inch gas-pipe eight inches long. In one end of it and in the middle of it was a lead plug. One-half of it was packed tight with solder. Black Riley carried a slung-shot, being a conventional thug. "One-ear" Mike relied upon a pair of brass knuckles—an heirloom in the family.

"Why fetch and carry," said Black Riley, "when some one will do it for y? Let him bring it out to us. Hey—what?"

"We can chuck him in the river," said "Pigeon" McCarthy, "with a stone tied to his feet."

"Youse guys make me tired," said "One-ear" Mike sadly. "Ain't progress ever appealed to none of yez? Sprinkle a little gasoline on 'em, and drop 'em on the Drive—well?"

Fuzzy entered the Millionaire's gate and zigzagged toward the softly glowing entrance of the mansion. The three goblins came up to the gate and lingered—one on each side of it, one beyond the roadway. They fingered their cold metal and leather, confident.

Fuzzy rang the door-bell, smiling foolishly and dreamily. An astative instinct prompted him to reach for the button of his right glove. But he wore no gloves; so his left hand dropped, embarrassed.

The particular mental whose duty it was to open doors to silks and laces shied at first sight of Fuzzy. But a second glance took in his passport, his card of admission, his surety of welcome—the lost rag-doll of the daughter of the house dangling under his arm.

Fuzzy was admitted into a great hall, dim with the glow from unseen lights. The hired went away and returned with a maid and the Child. The doll was restored to the mourning one. She clasped her lost darling to her breast; and then, with the inordinate selfishness and candor of childhood, stamped her foot and whined hatred and fear of the odious being who had rescued her from the depths of sorrow and despair. Fuzzy wriggled himself into an ingratiatory attitude and essayed the idiotic smile and blattering small talk that is supposed to charm the budding intellect

of the young. The Child bawled, and was dragged away, hugging her Betsy close.

There came the Secretary, pale, poised, polished, gliding in pumps, and worshipping pomp and ceremony. He counted out into Fuzzy's hand ten ten-dollar bills; then dropped his eye upon the foot, transferred it to James, its custodian, indicated the obnoxious earner of the reward with the other, and allowed his pumps to wait him away to secretarial regions.

When the money touched Fuzzy's dingy palm his first instinct was to take to his heels; but a second thought restrained him from that blunder of etiquette. It was his; it had been given him. It—and, oh, what an elysium it opened to the gaze of his mind's eye! He had tumbled to the foot of the ladder; he was hungry, homeless, friendless, ragged, cold, drifting; and he held in his hand the key to a paradise of the mud-honey that he craved. The fairy doll had waved a wand with her rag-stuffed hand; and now wherever he might go the enchanted palaces with shining foot-rests and magic red fluids in gleaming glassware would be open to him.

He followed James to the door. He paused there as the stinky drew open the great mahogany portal for him to pass into the vestibule.

Beyond the wrought-iron gates in the dark highway Black Riley and his two pals casually strolled, fingering under their coats the inevitably fatal weapons that were to make the reward of the rag-doll theirs.

Fuzzy stopped at the Millionaire's door and bett ought himself. Like little sprigs of mistletoe on a dead tree, certain living green thoughts and memories began to decorate his confused mind. He was quite drunk, mind you, and the present was beginning to fade. Those wreaths and festoons of holly with their scarlet berries making the great hall gay—where had he seen such things before? Somewhere he had known polished floors and odors of fresh flowers in winter, and—and some one was singing a song in the house that he thought he had heard before. Some one singing and playing a harp. Of course it was Christmas—Fuzzy thought he must have been pretty drunk to have overlooked that.

And then he went out of the present, and there came back to him out of some impossible, vanished and irrevocable past a little, pure-white, transient, forgotten ghost—the spirit of noblesse oblige. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve.

James opened the outer door. A stream of light went down the gravelled walk to the iron gate. Black Riley, McCarthy and One-ear Mike saw, and carelessly drew their sinister cordon closer about the gate.

With a more imperious gesture than James' master had ever used or could ever use, Fuzzy compelled the menial



"It Is Custom—customary When a Gentleman Calls on Christmas Eve to Pass the Compliments of the Season With the Lady of the House."

to close the door. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve. Especially at the Christmas season.

"It is custom—customary," he said to James, the flustered, "when a gentleman calls on Christmas eve to pass the compliments of the season with the lady of the house. You understand? I shall not move shtep till I pass compliments season with lady the house. Understand?"

There was an argument. James lost. Fuzzy raised his voice and sent it through the house unpleasantly. I did not say he was a gentleman. He was simply a tramp being visited by a ghost.

A sterling silver bell rang. James went back to answer it, leaving Fuzzy

in the hall. James explained somewhere to some one.

Then he came and conducted Fuzzy into the library.

The lady entered a moment later. She was more beautiful and holy than any picture that Fuzzy had seen. She smiled, and said something about a doll. Fuzzy didn't understand that; he remembered nothing at all about a doll.

A footman brought in two small glasses of sparkling wine on a stamped sterling-silver waiter. The lady took one. The other was handed to Fuzzy.

As his fingers closed on the slender glass stem his disabilities dropped from him for one brief moment. He straightened himself; and Time, so disobliging to most of us, turned backward for a moment to accommodate Fuzzy.

Forgotten Christmas ghosts whiter than the false beards of the most eupulent Kris Kringle were rising in the fumes of Grogan's whisky. What had



"Compliments Season With Lady Th' House."

the millionnaire's mansion to do with a long, wainscoted Virginia hall, where the riders were grouped around a silver punch-bowl, drinking the ancient toast of the house? And why should the patter of the cab horses' hoofs on the frozen street be in any wise related to the sound of the saddled hunters stamping under the shelter of the west veranda? And what had Fuzzy to do with any of it?

The lady, looking at him over her glass, let her condescending smile fade away like a false dawn. Her eyes turned serious. She saw something beneath the rags and Scotch terrier whiskers that she did not understand. But it did not matter.

Fuzzy lifted his glass and smiled vacantly.

"Pardon, lady," he said, "but couldn't leave without exchanging compliments season with lady th' house. 'Gainst princ'ples gentleman do sho."

And then he began the ancient salutation that was a tradition in the house when men wore lace ruffles and powder.

"The—the blessings of another year—"

Fuzzy's memory failed him. The lady prompted:

"Be upon this hearth."

"The guest—" stammered Fuzzy, "—And upon her who—" continued the lady, with a leading smile.

"Oh, cut it out," said Fuzzy, ill-manneredly. "I can't remember. Drink hearty."

Fuzzy had shot his arrow. They drank. The lady smiled again the smile of her caste. James enveloped Fuzzy and re-conducted him toward the front door. The harp music still softly drifted through the house.

Outside, Black Riley brathed on his cold hands and hugged the gate. Cold though he was, he did not think of deserting his post while Fuzzy remained inside.

"I wonder," said the lady to herself musing, "who—but there were many who came. I wonder whether memory is a curse or a blessing when they have fallen so low."

Fuzzy and his escort were near at the door when the lady called: "James!"

James stalked back obediently, leaving Fuzzy waiting unattended, with his brief spark of the divine abruptly gone.

Outside, Black Riley stamped his cold feet and got a firmer grip on his section of gas-pipe.

"You will conduct this gentleman," said the lady, "down-stairs. Then tell Louie to get out the Mercedes and take him to whatever place he wishes to go."

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WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYO BUNKER



HERE was once, in a far-away country, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

At one corner of the church was a great gray tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. I say as far as one could see, because the tower was quite great enough to fit the great church, and it rose so far into the sky that it was only in very fair weather that any one claimed to be able to see the top.

Now all the people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was clearest and purest; however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men or on common days. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ-child; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the music of the choir the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. But for many long years they had never been heard. It was said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ-child, and that no offering was brought, great enough to deserve the music of the chimes.

Every Christmas Eve the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he wanted for himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country village, where nothing could be seen of the great church but glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They

knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ-child sometimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see Him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes flying in the air, and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stopped to look at it.



It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made of a drift a sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep, in the wintry air, that no one could ever wake her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a moment he stood up and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back a bit of a choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. Her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. Every one has gone to church now, but when you come back you can bring some one to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun that is left in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you, and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this little piece of silver of mine, and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."

In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears, as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the music and splendor of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in that lonely place in the snow. The great church was a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang the walls shook with the sound, and Little Pedro, away outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him.

At the close of the service came the procession with the offerings to be

Safe Well Guarded.
A remarkable new safe lock has been invented. It is provided with phonographic mechanism, so that it can be opened only by the voice of the owner. A mouthpiece like that of a telephone takes the place of a knob on the door, and this is provided with the usual style or needle, which travels in a groove in the sound record of the phonograph cylinder. Before the safe can be unlocked the password must be spoken into the original cylinder by the one who made the original record.

Striving Must Prevail.
Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and in no measure obtained it? If a man can constantly aspire, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?—H. D. Thoreau

Why Green Is Used.
Green was the color selected for banknotes because that color cannot be photographed.



CHRISTMAS THE CHILD'S DAY

By Rev. Brandford Leavitt.

Christmas is the child's day in the Christian year, and how this weary and uneasy world needs the child-like mind to save it from itself. What is more subtly fitted to the needs of a worn and dissipated world than the image of all that is alive and fresh and unstained? It is the child in men we look for and love—again today the child is the savior that answers a smile with a smile, that responds to the confidence with confidence, ready to take you and me for what we would like to be and thus lifts us nearly to our ideal.

I have admired wit in men and influence and grace and beauty in women and I find also that one disturbs these, grows indifferent to them as he gets older and sadder and wiser, but loves in men and women the little child, longs for some one not to admire nor praise nor be charmed by, but some one to love so that loving shall be peace.

Our Gifts.

As the Magi came bearing gifts, so do we also—gifts that relieve want; gifts that are sweet and fragrant with friendship; gifts that breathe love; gifts that mean service; gifts inspired still by the star which shone over the City of David, nearly two thousand years ago.—Katie Douglas Wiggle.

FRIGHTENED BY SANTA CLAUS

How the Dear Old Saint Carried Consternation Into an African Mission House.

An amusing story of how Santa Claus frightened the black children at a mission station when he first appeared to them a few years ago, is told by the wife of a missionary stationed at Ballunda, Africa. They had celebrated Christmas at Ballunda before, but they never had had Santa Claus, so Mr. Stover, the missionary, dressed up as good Saint Nick.

"He had been padded and powdered and packed until his own mother would not have known him," Mrs. Stover afterward related. "Presently we gave the signal, the door flew open and in walked Santa Claus. But dear me! What consternation! He was greeted with shrieks and groans and cries of 'Let me out! It is the evil one. It is the day of judgment!'

"The urchins, catching the infection of terror from the older black people, fled to their bedrooms, fell down upon their faces, crept under chairs and tables—anywhere to hide themselves.

Poor old Santa Claus never had such a greeting before. As soon as he realized the panic he had caused, he tore off his tall hat and white cotton beard. Then from the bags on his back he began to throw gifts right and left and to tell who he was.

"Reassured once more, everyone was soon laughing and chatting, munching the great 'red breads' (doughnuts), tasting their fruits or nibbling at the sweets from the familiar little bags.

"It seemed as though everyone tried to talk louder than his neighbor as they examined the costume of Santa Claus, whom they now no longer feared. One man said that he thought it was John the Baptist, another that it was Elijah returned. Yet another thought it was Satan himself, and all my sins rose up before me; while a fourth confessed, 'My only thought was to hide myself!'

ON EARLY CHRISTMAS DAYS

Quaint and Interesting Customs That Prevailed When the Church and Festival Were Young.

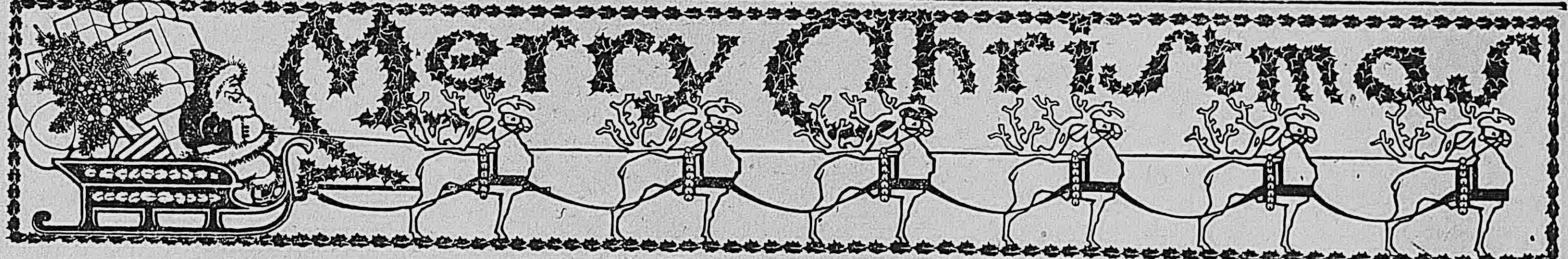
In the early days of the church, it is said that the bishops used to sing carols on Christmas day among their clergy, and around the sixteenth century the well-known practice observed by children of going around the neighborhood singing Christmas carols beneath the windows of the houses, was commonly observed, usually taking place on Christmas morning. One of the oldest and most beautiful of the Christmas carols that has come down to the present day open with these words:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.
For Jesus Christ, our Savior,
Was born upon this day.
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray,
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Savior,
Was born on Christmas Day."

It is sometimes more appropriate to sing the Christmas carols on Christmas eve than on Christmas day, although they are sung at both times; but in England the choir of the village church used to go around to the principal houses in the parish and sing some of these simple hymns on Christmas eve regularly.

Frequently the singers were accompanied on some instrument and often the picture presented was a pretty one. The figures of the group of singers, only visible in the darkness by the lanterns they carried, and the sweet melody sung and played, made the observance a striking and beautiful one.

Sometimes in England, the carols were also sung in the churches in place of the usual psalms and hymns; although it was more customary for the clerk at the close of the service in a loud voice to wish all the congregation a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.



Christmas Gifts

FROM

CRAWFORD'S

The Burlington Jeweler

Come to Burlington and see the latest. It is a privilege to show my beautiful Holiday stock, and you will oblige me by considering this a personal invitation to call and inspect my extensive line of

Jewelry and Holiday Novelties

I can please you. Come and let me show you a variety of beautiful presents that will at once appeal to you as "Just The Thing." Merit, Quality and Fair Prices are waiting for you here.

L. J. CRAWFORD, The Leading Jeweler,
BURLINGTON, WIS.

Car fare paid from Antioch, or nearer points, if your purchase amounts to \$10 or over.

Their Christmas Guest

by Clarissa Mackie
(Copyright.)

THE red farmhouse was set in the midst of a white expanse of snow. The drooping elms protected the roof with widespread arms clothed in ermine and where the crisp wind had blown away the covering, the limbs were darkly sketched against the bright blue sky. A thin spiral of smoke drifted up from the big chimney and shimmered away into nothingness.

Loring tramped wearily up the path and turned the corner by the clump of boxwood where a little side porch jutted out to the south. There was a window here filled with red geraniums and the brilliant color seemed to impart warmth to his benumbed body. The steps had been swept clear of snow and he was careful to scrape his boots before he knocked at the door.

The whirling of a sewing machine stopped suddenly and quick steps came across the floor. The door flew open and revealed two faces; that of Miss Anne, timidly expectant, and the fair face of the young girl, hopeful and eager.

"Oh!" they cried in unison and their voices betrayed bitter disappointment. "We thought it might be the expressman," added Anne in explanation. "I'm sorry to disappoint you," said Loring courteously as he bared his head. "As a matter of fact, I came to beg a night's lodging. I have rather a bad knee and it's gone back on me in the midst of a long tramp. I wonder—"

"Come in," interrupted Anne hospitably. "It's bitter cold out to-day and the drifts are awful. We haven't as many fires as we used to keep, but you're welcome to sit and get thawed out."

Robert Loring entered the low-ceiled sitting-room where a small cylinder stove gave forth welcome heat in the center of the room. The corners seemed chill and dusky, but in the circle of warmth from the stove it was very comfortable. A sewing machine was drawn within the magic circle and there was a low rocking chair and beside it a huge work basket overflowing with bright bits of silk.

Anne pushed a big rocking chair close to the stove and motioned Loring into it. "Sit close to the fire and get thawed out. Grace will fetch you a glass of currant wine—or maybe you'd rather have a cup of coffee?" She beamed hospitably at him over steel-bowed spectacles that were the color of her silvery hair.

"I would say 'coffee' if it were not so much trouble," hesitated Loring. "It does seem an imposition for me to drop in on you in this manner, but as I was explaining—"

"It will be no trouble at all. Grace will be glad to make you a cup of coffee."

The fair-haired girl hastened to a tiny cupboard and brought out a small canister and a coffee pot. Miss Anne, excusing herself for a moment, rose and left the room. Loring watching the young girl's graceful movements was suddenly impressed by a painful fact. His hostesses were unmistakably poor. The girl had shaken the last grains of coffee into the pot and filling it with cold water placed it on the top of the cylinder stove. Then she stepped to and from the cupboard to table, laying a meal on a snowy cloth. There were fresh bread and butter, baked apples and some slices of cold ham.

When she had invited him to sit down, Loring arose with many apologies upon his lips. Just then the door opened to admit Miss Anne muffled in shawl and hood and trembling with agitation. She seemed to forget Loring's presence and her words were addressed to her niece.

"Grace—what do you think has happened? That—that—he's gone!" Her thin hands flew to her face and the tears trickled between her fingers. "Oh, Aunt Anne! The girl threw her arm around the older woman's shoulder. "Are you sure? Why he was there not a half hour ago because I looked at him. How do you suppose he got away?"

"I guess somebody has taken him—he was so fat, too," Grace said. Miss Anne sank down in a chair and slowly removed her wraps. "Oh, dear, I'm afraid your coffee will get cold. Sit down and eat your supper, sir."

"Thank you," said Loring, as he obeyed. "I hope you are not in trouble, Miss Anne? Is there anything that I can do to make things right?" Miss Anne surveyed him with approving eyes. All at once her eyes wrinkled pleasantly and she began to laugh. "Do you think you can discover who stole the white rooster we were going to have for our Christmas dinner? I had him penned up safely and I just went out now to have a look at him and he is gone—the hen house is empty."

"That is too bad. Can't I catch an

other one for you or was the white rooster especially fattened for the occasion?" asked Loring.

Miss Anne hesitated and looked at her niece. But the girl busied with her bright silks did not lift her eyes; a faint color glowed in her cheeks. "There isn't another chicken about the place," said Miss Anne bluntly. "I may as well say, sir, that it was the last of my flock; that's why it is a disappointment to me."

Loring arose from his chair and reached for his overcoat. "Then it's my place to scour the country-side for one to take its place," he said firmly. "Please don't tell me not to—it's Christmas eve, you know, and there isn't a soul that expects me to do anything and I'd like to feel I was of some use at such a time. I won't return without a bird of some sort if I have to rob a roost myself."

Without waiting to hear her protests, Loring let himself out into the star-lit night and plunged into the crisp snow.

Two hours afterward when he returned heavily laden, the windows of the farmhouse glowed pleasantly and seemed to offer a welcome. As he stamped the snow from his feet at the side door he heard Miss Anne's voice raised in warm approval.

"Well, now, Grace, I believe the poor fellow will be tickled to death to get that pin book; he said he didn't have any folks—he seems honest enough—"

Loring stumbled into the warm room and let his packages down on to the round table. He held his cold fingers to the heat. "I didn't find the white rooster, but I did corral the plumpest little white goose you ever saw; it's such a long time since I've prepared for Christmas that once started I couldn't stop, so I went on through the village and bought all the rest of the fixings—I hope you won't object—oh, well, Miss Anne—I shall just take my packages and have Christmas by myself in the woods."

Miss Anne's sensitive pride had prompted her to wave aside the proffered edibles, but as Loring replaced the packages in the basket she watched him all unconscious of the fact that her eyes were wistful. First went the plump goose and following it were turnips and potatoes, cranberries and onions and celery; a bag of white grapes; another of nuts and a large and tempting box of candy.

With his basket on his arm, Loring turned to the door. "I must thank you for your kindness," he said gravely.

"Come in," interrupted Anne hospitably. "It's bitter cold out to-day and the drifts are awful. We haven't as many fires as we used to keep, but you're welcome to sit and get thawed out."

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At the Old Home

by Lawrence T. Berliner
(Copyright.)

STEARNS, the man of affairs, was a far different individual as a winter's evening found him deep in thought. A man of but little sentiment, was the way the world adjudged the financier. Yet there were whisperings of a youthful romance and early departure from home. No one ever dared broach the subject and it had long since been forgotten.

As Charles Stearns gazed into the fire in the library of his home, the flickering light seemed to recall days of the past. In fancy he saw again his boyhood home, his parents and acquaintances. How little they had been to him for so long a time!

Quarterly alipends he had supplied to the old folks, yet he had never heeded the call they sent out for their only son.

As the man sat musing, he spoke aloud: "I believe I am getting sentimental. I think I shall surprise the old folks and pay them a visit for Christmas."

A thought meant an act with Stearns. His mind once made up, it took much to change it. His decision to return to the farm for the holiday gave him pleasure. He could hardly await the time when he was to start. He bought presents for the old folks. He remembered his father's delight in watches. One of the finest to be had went into the satchel for him. The silk for a new dress made up a portion of what he planned for his mother.

It was a long journey to the old homestead. The train sped onward and each moment made the man more anxious to see his people and the old place again. But suddenly a thought occurred to him and his face blanched. He had forgotten; Stella Harrington might still be there.

All the memories of the past were swept aside and he thought only of her.

Once she had promised to make him happy. As he thought of that time, he sighed deeply. She had altered his life when she changed her mind at the last and threw him over.

He recalled the jeers of his boyhood companions as they sneered their rough witticisms at him. It was the way of the country and he could not stand the finger of scorn and had fled. That was in the long ago and he had almost forgotten—until now.

As the train stopped at the little station on the hill it seemed as if he had left it only yesterday.

But now—where was George White, the old agent? A young man filled his place. The driver of the stage was another stranger. Old Eb Brown was also a thing of the past.

None knew the portly middle-aged man as he strode towards the coach that plied between station and town. There was a moment's pause, while the driver gathered the mail, as old Eb had done so many times, and they were off.

As the rig rattled over the rough roads the man within watched with interest the scenes of his youth. The town had changed little in the years that had passed.

When the coach paused at the old homestead the man's eyes filled with tears. A woman came from the house; mother and son were in each other's arms.

On the porch stood his father to welcome the man home. With misty eyes the united family stood. All hearts were full. The parents' hopes had been realized and the prodigal had come home.

"How could I have remained away so long!" he asked again and again as the old folks bustled about, trying to make him comfortable.

"And, Charlie, you are now a banker they tell us," said his mother. "You, who left us so long ago, are the image of your father at your age."

"My boy," said his father, "it has been a long time since you went away, but we are mighty glad to have you back again."

The son's heart was too full for words. There was one question he would like to ask but the words refused to come.

"Charlie," questioned his mother, "have you ever seen Stella since the day you went away? I know I ought not to speak of this, but I must."

"Mother!" All a boy's anguish came forth in that word. As of yore he buried his face in the parent's lap and sobbed.

She stroked his now thinning locks and the touch was magical. Why had he lost his parents for so many years? His joy was too much, too good, to last.

"I have never seen her," he said at last; "never since the day she promised to be my wife and then as quickly refused to marry me."

"My poor boy, do you remember the one that wore the white dress?" she asked, her promise.

"She never told me just what he said, but it was enough to make her throw you over. You would never come back and she was too proud to write."

"Where is Stella now, mother?" asked the man.

"She lives in the old place by the creek. Charlie, you remember it—with all the apple trees behind the house?"

Well did the man remember the orchard where he had spent the autumn evening with his sweetheart.

That evening found Stearns walking toward the creek. "I wonder how the old place looks," he thought.

There was the old-fashioned house, the porch with the long steps. Everything was as if the old days were still there.

A figure moved about in the parlor. He knew well where the parlor was. He heard the organ. It was Stella's favorite air. He paused and his eyes filled with tears as he heard that voice again.

Slowly he ascended the steps and pulled the bell. The playing stopped and he heard footsteps. The door opened and the light of the hall streamed upon his face.

It was evident that the woman failed to recognize him, for she looked askance as he spoke.

"Is this Stella Harrington?" he began, but the sound of his voice made her start.

"Charles Stearns, have you come back?" she gasped, and followed him into the room.

"So, Stella, you are keeping house alone now! You—you have not changed very much, either," he said earnestly.

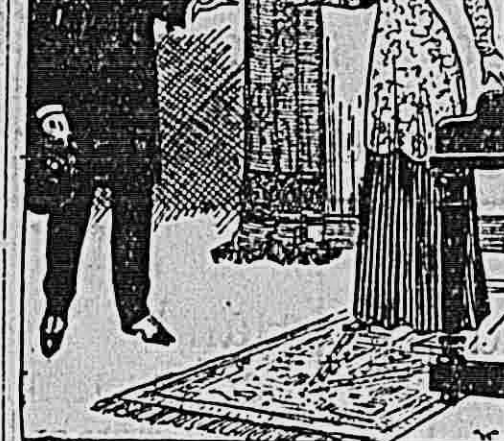
He saw that her once golden tresses were streaked with gray, yet much of the youthful beauty remained and he found his heart quickening as he gazed at the woman.

"And you are the great banker they would have us believe—little Charlie Stearns, who used to be my tease at school?"

Neither had touched on the subject which seemed to be in the minds of both. At last the man could remain silent no longer.

"Stella, my mother has just told me why you changed your mind so many years ago. Why did you not tell me then?" he asked.

"Because I was too proud. When I found that he had lied, it was too late."



"Charles Stearns, Have You Come Back?"

You had left home and no one knew where. I thought if he had really cared you would have come back," said Stella.

"And I have come back, my girl. Just what brought me here this Christmas I cannot realize, but I know I am glad to be back."

"And your parents—how happy they must be to have you with them again," she said. "Now, they can enjoy Christmas in the old way—just you three together."

"Stella, you are all alone. Won't you come to our house for dinner to-morrow? Let us celebrate in a modern way, and it will make the old folks so happy."

"Only the old folks—?" she began, but the big man silenced her as he grasped her hands and said:

"Stella, I ask you what you refused me so many years ago. Will you be my wife? You are alone in the world and I want you."

"Charles, it is not out of pity you ask me this?" she questioned.

"No, dear girl, it is because my heart has been hungry for something all these years, and I did not realize until now that it was you I needed."

It was indeed a modern Christmas celebration at the old home: The parents turned away as they saw the younger pair under the mistletoe, so aptly hung by the thoughtful mother.

Yuletide in Australia.

In striking contrast to our own is the Christmas Day kept by our kinsfolk in Australasia. No snow or blaring log; no holly or mistletoe; only a bright sky, green trees, parched grass, and a blazing sun. Christmas is so inseparably associated by us with a cosy seat in front of a roaring fire that we can hardly realize eating our Christmas dinner on a veranda beneath a brilliantly blue sky, with every flowering plant in full bloom. But, "down yonder," picnics and garden parties are the order of the day. Many a delightful excursion into the country is arranged by the Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and other townspeople, and Christmas Day is kept right merrily, far into the summer night.

Molly's Christmas Dinner

by Temple Bailey
(Copyright.)

HI but you couldn't really," Molly cried, incredulously.

"Yes, I can," Mrs. Phelps insisted.

She had a fancy to see how this pretty creature would take the men of her set.

"I can lend you a gown and a hat and wrap, and you can take Vera Patterson's place. She has just telephoned that her cold is worse and that she can't be with us for Christmas dinner."

"I'd love it," Molly's eyes were like stars. "But—"

"There are no 'buts,'" Mrs. Phelps said calmly. "If I choose to add another guest to my Christmas dinner no one can possibly criticize."

"I've never dined in any of the big hotels," Molly confessed. "Terry wanted to make me once, but I couldn't—not in my old clothes."

"I don't see why you don't have some nice gowns," Mrs. Phelps said.

She had taken a fancy to her little seamstress; the girl's youth and beauty made her different from the usual cut-and-dried spinsters who work by the day.

"You could go around a lot if you had the things to wear."

Molly shook her head. "There are mother and father and Billy and Babe," she said. "I have to help out with the family expenses, and I mustn't spend everything on myself."

"So you just sit at home and stagnate," Mrs. Phelps complained.

Molly laughed. "Oh, Terry takes me out now and then."

"Who is Terry?"

"Well, he's a very nice boy who likes me," Molly confessed.

"And I suppose you'll marry him and be poor the rest of your life," was Mrs. Phelps' comment. "You're very silly, Molly."

Molly began to wonder if she wasn't silly. Here was an opportunity staring her in the face. Opportunity to meet rich men, opportunity to wear beautiful clothes.

"Do you really want me to go to your dinner?" she asked, half timidly.

"Of course," Mrs. Phelps said; "and I want you to try on the gown now."

It was a wonderful gown of white chiffon with the hem heavy with silver. There was a twist of white tulle which banded Molly's red-gold hair, with a silver rose at the side. The slippers were silver, and a little loose on Molly's tiny feet.

"They can be tied on with ribbons," Mrs. Phelps decided, "and they won't show under that long skirt."

In front of the long mirror Molly saw a wonderful vision.

Mrs. Phelps brought from a box a long wrap of lace and ermine and rose-colored velvet.

"I was afraid that color wouldn't go with your hair," she said, "but it gives you distinction, after all."

On her way home, again clothed in her shabby suit, Molly told Terry about it.

"She is going to give a Christmas dinner at the Belvidere," she said, "and one of her guests has disappeared. She wants me to take her place, and I'm going to do it, Terry."

Terry's face fell. "Then you won't have dinner with us," he said. "We'll miss you, Molly."

"Oh, but it's my opportunity," her face was glowing. "Think of the people I'll meet."

He did think of the people she would meet, as she tramped home alone in the cold twilight. Terry knew something of the world, something of the men who would be at that dinner.

Babe and Billy protested strongly when they learned that Molly, the light of the household, was to spend her Christmas evening away from them.

"It will spoil all our fun," they said. "Terry will be here," Molly told them. "Mother has planned a late dinner, because he has to work part of the day."

She felt a little conscience-stricken, however, as she left them, and not until she had donned the beautiful gown at Mrs. Phelps' could she put the thought of their tearful faces out of her mind.

It was a wonderful experience to ride through the streets in the limousine, wrapped in the rose-colored cloak, with a great bunch of valley lilies in her hand. She felt like a princess. She had the air of a princess, too, as she swept through the wide corridor of the hotel, following Mrs. Phelps.

Her pleasure was ended, however, when she met the other guests and sat down at the big round table. There was a confusing display of knives and forks and spoons, but her native wit prevented any awkwardness.

It was the men on each side of her, however, who alarmed her. Molly had never been at a loss for a word of

a gay retort until now. But the people around her lived in a world of their own. They talked of operas, of sports, of places of which Molly knew nothing. She didn't know that her pretty, blushing shyness charmed the multimillionaire at her left and piqued the curiosity of the ambassador on her right. She was uncomfortable and self-conscious as she tried to fit her stammering little phrases to this new environment.

Gradually, as she gained poise, she confessed to herself that she was having a very stupid time. It wasn't a bit like Christmas; although the color scheme of the table was green and red, there was no holly, no mistletoe, just gorgeous American beauties and wide satin ribbons. She had a vision of the table set in the shabby dining room at home. In the center would be a great bunch of holly, and above it would hang a little wax angel. At one end she saw her father, his knife cutting through the crackling brown of the turkey's breast. The delicate fare of the hotel paled in comparison to her mother's cooking. At home there would be large helpings of mashed potatoes and turnips and gravy. The cranberry sauce would be served in big dishes.

As they drove home together, Mrs. Phelps said: "You were a success, my dear. If you will let me, I'll bring you out. Perhaps you will make a grand marriage. It would be a great thing for a girl like you."

Molly's response was not enthusiastic. She did not like to appear ungrateful, but she had had a most unhappy time. She had been a stranger in a strange land.

When she had changed her dress Mrs. Phelps sent her home in her car. Terry met her at the door. Back of him was the red light of the dining-room lamp. Babe and Billy fell on her neck and welcomed her, and father and mother smiled in the background.

Molly had gifts for all of them. The lilies went on the center of the table, and she had tied up candles and almonds in the corner of her handkerchief. "I had an awful time hiding them," she confessed, "but I knew how you'd like them."

She had a red rose for Terry.

"The multimillionaire gave it to me," she said. "Mrs. Phelps wants me to marry him."

Terry looked at her with his heart in his eyes, but he didn't say a word.



"The Multimillionaire Wants to Meet You Again."

Was Molly going to be swallowed up in that strange world, where men had millions and didn't have to work? But Molly was demanding some of her mother's turkey.

"I hardly ate a thing at dinner," she said. "It was awful sitting up there and having people stare at me."

They brought it to her with delight and she had to taste a little bit of everything and praise it.

When it was time for Terry to go she went with him to the front door, and they stood for a moment under the stars.

"Will you be going back to them?" Terry asked, jealously.

"Why should I?" Molly asked. "You couldn't go with me, could you, Terry?"

The next morning, when Molly went back to her sewing, Mrs. Phelps said, "The multimillionaire wants to meet you again. When shall we plan for it, Molly?"

"Never," said Molly calmly. "I am going to marry Terry, and then I won't have any time for multimillionaires, will I?"

Why We Rejoice.

In the manger at Bethlehem was cradled the hope of the world. That is why Christmas is the universal festival. That is why the world rejoices. But the manger must be interpreted largely. In the babe is the promise of the man and the Savior. It is not the birth alone that makes the gospel; it is also the life, the passion, the death, the resurrection, the ascension. Christmas carries all this in its happy content. There is the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, who leadeth His flock to green pastures and beside still waters and whose honor and good name are pledged to His leading us in ways of righteousness and paths of peace, and there is the promise of Jesus that He will be with us "all the days" even unto the end of the world. It is because of these aspects of the Christ life and because of these assurances that the world rejoices and will rejoice.

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WILLIAMS BRO'S. ANTIOCH STORE

In selecting your Holiday goods consider the class which for years we have represented.

Pillsbury xxxx flour, Chase Sanborn's famousteas and coffees, Monarch brand groceries and canned goods, National Biscuit Co., bread, cakes and crackers, Garland Stove heaters and ranges, Coles hot blast heaters and ranges, Standard Oil Co., perfection oil heating and cooking stoves, Standard Oil Co., Rayo lamps brass or nickel finish, Jewell gasoline stoves and ranges, Selz Schwab and Co., shoes and rubbers, black cat hosiery, white cat underwear, American field fencing Devoe's paints and varnishes, Hibbard Spencer Bartlett and Co., O. V. B., hardware, plated ware, cutlery and tools, John V. Farwell Co., dependon Brand dry goods.

From the above goods we classify a few articles which may assist you in making your Holiday Selections.

FATHER Card cases, bill holders, neck ties and pipe holders, smoker's sets, ash atrys, military and shaving sets, fountain pens, ink wells, mufflers, suspenders, garters, dash lamps and reflectors.	MOTHER Hand bags, pocket books, mirrors, toilet sets, fancy combs, hat pins, jewell boxes, pin cushions, drawn work centerpieces, towels, aprons, carving sets, casseroles, carpet sweepers, washing machines, wringer, Rayo lamps.	CHILDREN Doll beds, cradles, tin and china dishes, trunks, doll furniture, wash tubs, wringer, clothes bars, ironing boards, dolls, doll carriages, flat irons, laundry sets, work boxes, books, games, tumble-in, tumbleouts, and trinity chimes.
BOYS Skates, sleds, air guns, express wagons, bugles, flutes, drums, saving banks, spring tops, watches, glockenspiele, accordions, ten pens, checkers, sail boats, jack knives, base ball supplies, fishing tackle, steel traps, gloves, neck scarfs, sweaters, and alarm clocks.	GIRLS Gloves, handkerchief boxes, toilet, manicure sets, fancy box paper, Books, perfume, face powder, scarfs, veils, aprons and stamped linens. We have a choice collection of books from standard authors many of them gems of English Literature.	BABIES Rattlers, rubber dolls cum bac's, balls, wooly dogs, rag dolls, cry babies, jumping jacks, blocks, balls, infant comb sets, knit sacques, shoes, bracelets and pins.

You all know the goods represented above are first class, reliable in every respect they will add to your Health, Wealth and Happiness not only Chirstmas or New Year but every day in the year. WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS ALSO A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS YEAR.

Williams Bro's. Antioch Store



Guests At Tule

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Clarence
Stedman

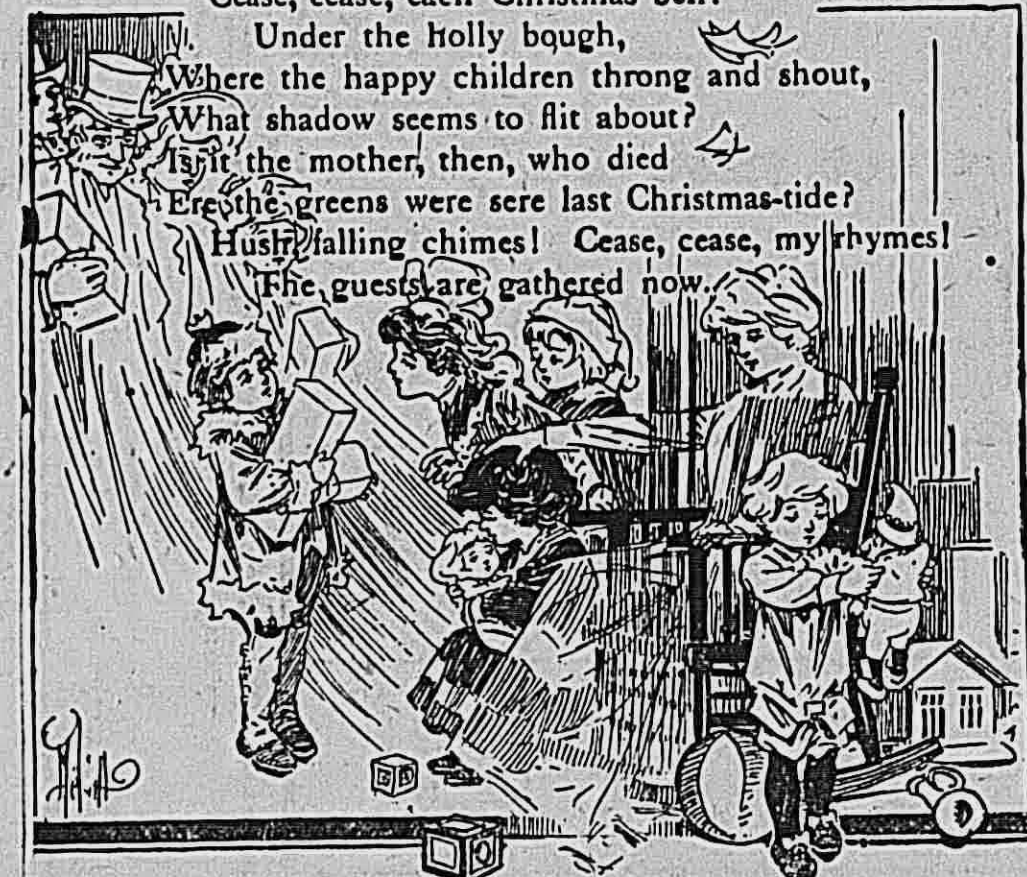


NOEL-NOEL

Thus sounds each Christmas bell
Across the winter snow
But what are the little footprints all
That mark the path from the churchyard wall?
They are those of the children who wake tonight
From sleep by the Christmas bells and light:
Ring, sweetly, chimes!—Soft, soft, my rhymes!
Their beds are under the snow.

Noel, Noel!
Carols each Christmas bell
What are the wraiths of mist
That gather anear the window-pane
Where the winter frost all day has lain?
They are soulless elves, who vain would peer
Within, and laugh at our Christmas cheer:
Ring fleetly, chimes! Swift, swift, my rhymes!
They are made of the mocking mist.

Noel, Noel!
Cease, cease, each Christmas bell!
Under the holly bough,
Where the happy children throng and shout,
What shadow seems to flit about?
Is it the mother, then, who died?
Ere the greens were sere last Christmas-tide?
Hush! falling chimes! Cease, cease, my rhymes!
The guests are gathered now.



Christmas Customs.



It is interesting to trace the origin of festival customs to those connected with Druidical superstitions of classic observances, and it will surprise many to learn that present-day sports very closely resemble the celebrations observed of old in honor of Saturn or Bacchus.

The Roman Saturnalia, which occurred in the winter solstice, were a season of great festivity and rejoicing, honored by many privileges and exemptions. The spirit of gaiety had free charter, and even quarrels were suspended, to be resumed after the holidays.

As a manifestation of the gratitude felt at the renewed prospects of the returning march of the sun, gifts were exchanged and special hymns were sung. These latter were really the Roman representatives of the modern carol.

At the Saturnalia the Roman feasted, sang and danced, as we do at Christmas. A ruler or king was appointed, who enjoyed certain prerogatives. He presided over the sports of the season. Probably he is the ancestor of the lord of misrule, who exercised a similar power in more recent times.

Merriment was a matter of general concern, and the joyous spirit of entire districts is now narrowed to family parties.

It is the touch that makes the whole world kin, and it is a pleasant reminder that, after all, history repeats itself.

Not Blessed.

The presents you forget to give to others who don't forget to give to you are not so blessed.

The Spirit of Christmas.



There is hardly a festival in the calendar which has such a hold on the hearts of old and young alike as Christmas Day. The ring of the car bells and the voices upon the streets seem to take on a more cheery tone, and the spirit of the time seems to throw a glamour over places and things which ordinarily are devoid of all beauty.

As it is with places, so it is with people. They, too, not only seem to change, but the transformation does take place in millions of hearts to a greater or less degree. The spirit of Christmas even affects people who for the rest of the year are devoid of sentiment and of feeling for their fellows.

The most interesting stories of Christmaside are those which will never appear in print—true stories of men and women whose thoughts have been only of their own selfish aims and pleasures, but have been awakened, if only for a day or two, from their usual self-complacency, moved by some force of which they are only half-conscious to do some act of kindness to make the day happier for someone less fortunate than themselves in a worldly way.—The Christian Herald.

The Christmas Spirit.

But don't you see that there is a Santa Claus! He isn't a man in a fur coat, and a reindeer sleigh and all that, but he is the Spirit of Christmas, isn't he? They've personified that and made a saint of him and invented legends about him—for the children, but when we're no longer children and don't believe in him, we still have that Christmas spirit—and it's that that gives presents and makes us feel toward one another, and makes Christmas what it is.—Harvey J. O'Higgins.

Christmas Legends

ALL around the season of the Coming of Love as a little Child there have sprung legends and beliefs, like blossoms in a gracious clime, which testify with subtlety to the depth of the appeal of the birth of Christ. Here divinely spiritual symbolism and there sweet human tenderness and pathos appear, and, blended, they evidence the world's belief that this was both Son of Man and Son of God.

An Irish legend tells that, on Christmas eve, the Christ-Child wanders out in the darkness and cold, and the peasants still put lighted candles in their windows to guide the sacred little feet, that they may not stumble on their way to their homes. And in Hungary the people go yet further in their tenderness for the Child, they spread feast and leave their doors open that He may enter at His will, while throughout Christendom there is a belief that no evil can touch any child who is born on Christmas eve.

The legend which tells how the very hay which lined the manger in which the Holy Babe was laid put forth living red blossoms at midwinter at the touch of the Babe's body could only have arisen from belief in the renewal of life through the Lord of Life.

The Holy Thorn.

It is not so many centuries ago since there was that holy thorn at Glastonbury which blossomed every Christmas, and, so ran the legend, had done ever since St. Joseph of Arimathea, having come as apostle to Britain, and, landing at Glastonbury, had stuck his staff of dry hawthorn into the soil, commanding it to put forth leaves and blossoms. This the staff straightway did, and thereby was the king converted to the Christian faith, the faith which preached life from death.

The holy thorn of Glastonbury flourished during the centuries until the civil wars. During those it was uprooted; but several persons had cut trees growing from cuttings from the original tree, and those continued to bloom at the Christ-season, just as their parent, which had grown from St. Joseph's staff, had bloomed. And about the middle of the 18th century it was recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine how the famous holy thorn would not deny to recognize the new style calendar, which had then come into force but would persist in blossoming as of old on old Christmas day!

In those days the anniversary of the advent of the Babe had certainly meant more to the common people than merely a time for feasting and revelry, for giving and receiving; it had been also a season for holy observances, for they refused to go to church on New Christmas day, the holy thorn not being then in blossom. So serious became the trouble that the clergy found it prudent to announce that Old Christmas day should also be kept sacred as before. Only another story of men's weak, superstitious minds? True, perhaps; but they are better who evidence some spiritual weakness than those who wallow in the wholly material, and when we cease to be careful of the cup and the platter, we become not over careful of their contents.

The First Christmas Rose.

NOTHER of those spiritual parables is the legend of the Christmas rose, and it tells how good things, fit for giving, spring up ready to the hand which earnestly desires to give to the Child. It is said that a certain maiden of Bethlehem was so poor that she had nothing to give to the Babe to whom kings brought wealth from afar, and, as she stood, longing and mourning, and angel appeared to her, saying: "Look at thy feet, beneath the snow," and lo! on obeying the maiden found that a new flower had miraculously sprung up and blossomed at her needs. Every since then, runs this story, this exquisite flower, with its snowy petals just touched by suggestions of pinkish bloom, is to be found at this season; and, indeed, its half-opened cups are like chalices of love, and its fully-spread petals are like a happy innocence, fit symbols for the gifts for the Babe of spotless innocence, whose heart was the vessel of love.

Christmas Eve Legends.

HERE are several exceedingly touching legends concerning bells, which are heard ringing from buried cities and villages at this season. One belongs to a village near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, and the story runs that once, where there is now but a valley, there was a village which, with every trace of life and habitation, had been swallowed by an earthquake; but ever since, at Christmas, the bells of the buried church are heard to ring as of old.

A similar legend is told of Preston, in Lancashire, and yet another and more moving one comes from the Netherlands. It is said that the city of Beem was notorious for its black and shameless sins, as well as renowned for its beauty and magnificence. To the Sodom of the middle ages came our Savior on one anniversary of his birth, and went as a beggar from door to door, but not one in all that Christmas keeping city gave the Master of the abundance. Sin he saw rampant on every side, but not

a trace of Christmas bounty and good will, and he called to the sea, which, as of old, obeyed his voice, and Beem, the city of sin, was buried deep, clean out of sight, beneath the waves. But ever at Christmas up from beneath the covering waters comes the sweet calling of church bells buried in Beem. It is a legend which appears to tell in parable that nothing which ever belonged to the Christ, and was dedicated to his service, is ever wholly lost from him and alienated from service; that ever and again something of their inherent beauty and compelling sweetness rises from the depths through all seeming ruin.

The Manger.

RADITION declares that within the stone manger there was another one of wood, and that the stone cradle in the Chapel of the Nativity is, indeed, the outer manger. Splendid is that humble stone trough now with white marble, softly rich with costly draperies, and radiant with a silver star, which is surrounded by 16 lamps, ever alit. But yet more glorious is the wooden manger at Rome, held to be the veritable manger in which the Christ-child lay. It was removed to Rome in the seventh century, during the Mohammedan invasion of the Holy Land, and there it is preserved in a strong brazen chest, from which it is brought forth on Christmas days, when it is placed on the Grand Altar. It is mounted upon a stand of silver, which is inlaid with gold and gems, and the shrine in which it rests is of purest rock crystal. In the days in which this was accomplished men, whatsoever may have been their shortcomings in other directions, gave magnificently to the Church Visible.

Christmas Bells.

RADITION says that the hour of the Babe's birth was the hour of midnight, and legend adds that from then until dawn cocks crow. In Ireland it is held that whoso looks into a mirror on this eve will see the devil or Judas Iscariot looking over his shoulder, surely thought sufficient to drive the hardest soul to a thought of the innocent Babe.

Another legend tells that, on Christmas eve, Judas Iscariot is released from that hell—"his own place"—and is allowed to return to earth that he may cool himself in icy waters.

Wild and improbable although such and such legends appear on their faces, they bear study and repay it, for we then see that they are full of subtle spiritual expression, as it were; that they are parables of certain spiritual facts, and it will be ill for us should the Christmas day ever dawn on which such flowers of tender faith and wonder shall appear to us no more than dry curious specimens from the dead roots of superstition.

What Christmas Means.

Christmas means hope and its realization. The child grows eagerly expectant as the time approaches for the visit of Santa Claus. While this fiction remains unquestioned, the imagination opens new and wider worlds, and ideals become so much

a part of the mind that the prosaic and commonplace can never crush them. Until the youth reaches manhood and independence, Christmas is the happiest day of the year. Its gifts and hearty good cheer impress family affection, parental thoughtfulness and brotherly love. The duldest and most irresponsible of fathers and mothers are uplifted to a vision of higher life by the interchanges of souvenirs and the merry meeting with children and grandchildren at the table and fireside. Few can escape and all enjoy the meaning of the festival, the lessons it conveys and the inspiration it gives, and we enter upon a brighter future and a fuller appreciation of the beneficence of the practice of faith, hope and charity. The loved ones who have crossed to the other side, the loved near and far who are still with us, the old homestead with its precious memories, the old church whose sacred associations tie together childhood, maturity and age, love, marriage and death; the schoolhouse where the beginnings of education were so painful, and the ever-increasing pleasures of the pursuit of learning through the high school, academy and college are recalled and recited, and there is exquisite delight in these oft-told tales, and new experiences enliven this blessed anniversary.—Leslie's Weekly.

First Christmas Observance.

Christmas gets its name from the mass celebrated in the early days of the Christian church in honor of the birth of Christ, its first solemnization having been ordered by Pope Telesphorus. This was in or before the year 138, for in that year Pope Telesphorus died.

At first Christmas was what is known as a movable feast, just as Easter is now, and owing to misunderstandings was celebrated as late as April or May. In the fourth century an ecclesiastical investigation was ordered, and upon the authority of the tables of the censurs in the Roman archives December 25 was agreed upon as the date of the Savior's nativity. Tradition fixed the hour of birth at about midnight, and this led to the celebration of a midnight mass in all the churches, a second at dawn and a third in the later morning.

The Joys of Christmas Time

By Kennett Harris



Hark! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning. And it's time that we were rising, though the hour isn't late. Still, the kiddlets will be flocking, each to overhaul his stocking. And there's scads of things we've got to do that really cannot wait.

Yet, before we kick the clothes off (quite determined not to doze off), Let's indulge in dreamy musing on this joyous Christmaside; Let us, while the bells are pealing, get up some real Christmas feeling. Fill ourselves with sweet emotions that are not quite cut and dried. True, the minutes fast are gliding, but, consarn 'em, let 'em glide.

Think of these long weeks of waiting, all the glad anticipating Of the gay and festive season that at last, at last is here; Never resting, never stopping in our mad career of shopping; Searching over the ideal, not too cheap and not too dear; Crushed and elbowed in the reeking crowds, that like ourselves are seeking Just the very thing of all things that their loved ones most desired. Limp and dragged then emerging from the pushing, struggling, surging Mob, with parcels overlaid, reaching home at last, dog tired. Those experiences may be best described as "most all-fired."

Yet no antiquated stolid showed endurance more heroic

Than we've manifested through the weary ordeal of that time; We have stood the stress of barter with the courage of a martyr;

Now we find sweet compensation listening to the Christmas chime, Whose clear cadence, soft and mellow, seems to whisper to a fellow

That the worst is nearly over, that we soon may breathe again, Soon may find surcease of sorrow, and that, maybe by tomorrow Or the next day, may be lifted something of this mental strain, That a blessed sense of rest may soothe the tissues of our brain.

We have done with haste and flurry, no occasion now to worry, Least some sensitive relation may have been quite overlooked. All the lists of names are checked and all the walls with green are decked, and Now within a few short hours the Christmas dinner will be cooked.

Hall to Christmas! happy season! There is some substantial reason To be gleeful at thy advent—the beginning of the end, As thou comest wreathed with holly, we can certainly be jolly, Welcome thee with feast and wassail, and in general unbend, For we know that we have spent for thee the last cent we can spend!



Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing An endless string of packages from morn to dewy eve; We no longer will be running to conceal those things with cunning, And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a deuced litter, when

the gewgaws gleam and glitter, Of waste paper, string and cotton, from the kitchen to the hall; But, with consciences elastic, we will grow enthusiastic And "wonder how they guessed," as on the donors' necks we fall, Looking blissful over deadwads that we didn't want at all.

Ah, this blessed thing of giving! It is half the joy of living To watch the looks of gratitude and pleasure and surprise That, at least to outward seeming, are upon loved faces beaming— As the loved one opens his parcel and digs out his gaudy ties, And the gentle wife and mother her emotion tries to smother When conducted by her husband, to some secret corner, where, As a proof of fond affection, he has hid from her detection, His gift to her, a cozy, costly, well-upholstered chair (Of whose comforts, in the future, you may bet he'll get his share).

Now this Christmas spirit moves us to sense that it behoves us To keep Poverty's bare platter and fill Destitution's cup. Bring turk and pie and gladness to the homes of empty sadness! To help out sweet Christmas charity who would not loosen up? But it's highly aggravating not to say exasperating, When we've given most nobly and without thought of stint, To find out, as we expected, that the modest are neglected. And our princely benefaction hasn't found its way to print. (Certainly we didn't ask it, but a man might take a hint).

But away with sad reflection! This is no time for dejection. Merry Christmas, happy Christmas, as we said, has come at last! All the many tribulations, all the trials and vexations That have crowded thick upon us for the last six weeks, are past. Not a protest shall be uttered, though the house with toys is cluttered And the kids are all parading to the sound of horn and drum, Lusty lung and larynx voicing the extent of their rejoicing. We will have to stand the racket now that Christmas day is come. (Later tone our nervous system at some sanitarium).



Thank the Giver if we're able to sit 'round a well-spread table, Where the plump white-bosomed turkey sheds its savor through the room, And pudding comes on smoking, and there's no end to the joking, And no heart that harbors malice and no mind o'ercast with gloom.

Let us be profoundly grateful that we have at least a plentiful, Grateful for the peepsin tablets that correct our Christmas cheer; Hold it as among our merces if there's coin left in our purses, Be thankful for those dear to us and those who hold us dear. (And most supremely thankful Christmas comes but once a year).

(Copyright, 1911, Western Newspaper Union)

CHRISTMAS IS A PROPHECY

It Forecasts the Perfect Social Conditions Which Will Fulfill the Promises of Christ.

Christmas is not only a fact commemorating the one sacred festival in the world's calendar, but the glorious prophecy of a coming day, surpassing all the brightest social dreams that have ever visited the most advanced human mind. He sprang on His human nature side, from kings and peasants, from saints and sinners. He is yet to lift every peasant to the kingliest throne of character and transform the chief of sinners into the holiest of saints. He allied Himself with poverty and the common people. He is yet to banish poverty with all

its "ills, from the world, and to give to a union humanity their rightful sovereignty. He worked with hands for His daily bread. He is to dignify and glorify in the th of mankind all honest toil. Forored woman with His sympathetic appreciative regard. He is love her from every form created by the past age little children in His arms. He is yet to give a child life in every He gave His peace disciples. He is cease unto the united His br His Father's He is yet to er to his his Father

HOLIDAY GREETING

C. G. FOLTZ CO. BURLINGTON, WIS.

Every reader of the Antioch News know the firm name of C. G. Foltz Co.--a firm that has passed 54 years of successful business--a firm that aims to buy the best quality of merchandise in every line their business represents. A firm that sells their merchandise at as close a price as it is possible to carry on a successful business. A firm that guarantees and stands back of every item going out of their store to give entire satisfaction.

You will at all times find the most complete stock of goods--our able clerks will help you in every way possible to fill your wants. The train service to Burlington, Wis., is the best desired. You leave Antioch at 10:35 and return at 4:36. We recommend the Burlington stores in all lines as progressive, carrying the newest and latest, and one thing Burlington is known for--being a town of LOW PRICES. Many important lines are given below.

Winter Cloaks

All our Ladies and Childrens Cloaks greatly reduced prices. We hope to close out every cloak before January 1st.

Furs

Men's Fur Coats. Ladies Fur sets or single pieces. Children's sets. You need not worry if you buy your furs from us for we guarantee our furs for satisfaction.

Neck Wear

Ladies and Men's. All kinds of Ties. Beautiful Holiday Ties at 25c, 50c and 75c. See our Fancy Suspenders.

Blankets

Woolen and cotton. It is not possible for any merchant to offer you better blankets than we are offering for the low prices asked.

Clothing

Men's and Boy's Suits and Overcoats. We are giving our January Discount on Winter Clothing Now. We want to sell you Clothing.

Sweaters

Men's, Ladies' and Childrens. The best line made "The Bradley." What is better for a Christmas present than a grand, good Sweater.

Fancy Goods

Our own make Aprons. Knit Facinators and Caps. Best in Gloves and Mittens. Thousands of Handkerchiefs. Store full of good Holiday Goods.

Drapery Goods

We carry a stock of Drapery Goods large enough for a city of 20,000. We buy all Draperies direct from manufacturers. We got the best. We sell cheapest.

Fancy Linens

All kinds of art pieces. Stamped patterns. Pillow tops, Fancy Towels. Prices are very low.

Furs Caps and Gloves

Fur Caps and Gloves just the thing to give a man for Christmas. We are offering unusual values.

Dress Goods

See our Jamestown Dress Goods. The best that money can buy at 50c, 75c, 1.00 and 1.25. Our stock of Dress Goods is large.

Leather Goods

Grips and Handbags of all kinds. A big line of Ladies' Handbags. Low prices on Leather Pillow tops.

Rugs

Big and little. Direct from manufacturers. We offer better values and for less money than most stores can offer.

Pictures

Visit our Picture Department. Hundreds of pictures to see, from 15c to 1.00. Call and see our Holiday Pictures.

To the people of Antioch we extend the greeting of the Christmas and New Year Time. We urge all to get in touch with the best of merchandise at right prices. Come to Burlington and do your trading with

C. G. FOLTZ CO.

"I menu ner" "He makes "I at proceed steak."

"You r physician like your that--" "But, do a motor ci "Don't bi the other--"

"As a law me to sue f "Take the t immediate tri

Waukegan's Greatest Christmas Store

Just think! Christmas is but little more than a week away. Soon the jingle of Old Santa's bells will be heard and every home will be in the scene of rejoicing and merriment. Don't wait until the last few days to buy; start now, and thus avoid the large hurrying crowds. Our three spacious floors are filled to overflowing with suitable gifts for Xmas--- things to make the hearts of dear ones happy; appropriate presents for each sex---the young and old. Our elaborate display will prove a material benefit to those who are undecided, while the immensity of various gift lines insures quick and satisfactory choosing.

Jolly Old Santa Will be Here Saturday and Every Day Until Christmas

Here is good news for all you boys and girls: Jolly Old Santa has written us a letter saying that he would be at the Globe Saturday and remain with us until Christmas. He will arrive over the Northwestern at 9:35 a. m. We're going to be at the depot to welcome and escort him to the Globe. He will deliver a speech in front of the store and tell you all about his home at the North Pole, then he will show you children through Toyland. But the best part of all is this:

He Will Have a Souvenir for Each One of You

This souvenir consists of a large button to pin on your coat. It shows old Santa ready to go down the chimney. Santa Claus wants to see everyone of you boys and girls Saturday, so don't disappoint him.

Toyland is Heaping Full of Toys, Dolls, Games and Books

Dressed Dolls, 10c to \$15.00.	Iron trains, 25c to 2.98	Games, 5c to 1.00
Undressed Dolls, 10c to \$18.00	Sleds and coasters, 25c to 4.50	Swords, 25c to 50c
Toy dishes, 25c to \$2.48	Pianos, 25c to 4.98	Saving banks, 10c to 2.48
Toy trunks, 15c to \$2.48	Doll beds, 25c to 2.98	Drums, 25c to 98c
Express wagons, 50c to \$4.98	Steel yachts, 15c to 2.48	Story and picture books 5c to 98c
Toy furniture, 15c to \$2.48	Plush horses, 25 to 9.00	Building blocks, 10c to 98c
Rolly dolly toys, 10c to 98c	Steel ranges, 25c to 3.48	Printing press, 98c to 7.98
Writing desks, \$1.25 to \$4.98	Doll carts, 25 to 8.50	Iron toys, 10c to 4.98
Magic lanterns, 25c to \$6.98	Steam engines, 25c to 8.50	Guns, 25c to 1.49
Blackboards, 25c to \$2.98	Train on track, 25 to 3.98	Rubber balls, 10c to 60c

Give Gloves

THE GLOBE SPECIAL—This is positively the best \$1.00 kid glove on the market; comes in all colors, two clasp and is guaranteed pair..... **\$1.00**

MOCHA GLOVES—One clasp silk lined. Mocha gloves, gray and brown, pair..... **\$1.50**

MISSSES KID GLOVES—Two clasp, come in all desired colors, pair..... **\$1.00**

Toilet Sets, Manicuring Sets and Other Gifts

What a host of sensible gifts you will find in our fancy goods department. Gifts that will surely please the recipient because of their usefulness and attractiveness. A noteworthy feature of this immense display is the reasonableness of prices.

TOILET SETS \$2.48—An attractive set consisting of comb, brush and mirror, celluloid back, gold trimmings, nicely boxed..... **\$2.48**

TOILET SETS \$1.98—An attractive three piece set comprising brush and mirror, attractive celluloid back with gold trimmings..... **\$1.98**

MILITARY SETS \$1.48—No gift will please him more, ebony back with silver trimmings, good bristles, attractively boxed..... **\$1.48**

BRUSH SETS \$1.25—Consisting of a clothes and hat brush, cocoabo or ebony back with silver trimmings, fine bristles..... **\$1.25**

MANICURE SETS \$2.98—A seven piece set in an elegant leather box, prettily lined, the pieces have ebony back with silver trimmings..... **\$2.98**

SHAVING SETS—Newest designed shaving outfit, consists of adjustable stand mirror, nickel plated, beveled glass, porcelain shaving mug attachment, camels hair brush..... **\$2.98**

Boxed Stationery

Stationery makes as nice a present as you can give and is not expensive. Our line of boxed stationery is unusually attractive and ranges in price from 15c to..... **\$2.98**

At 50c. Fancy boxed stationery, four dozen envelopes and four dozen sheets of paper, fine Irish linen, handsomely boxed..... **50c**

Give Her a Hand Bag

Nothing will please a lady more than to receive a nice handbag. It's a practical gift and one that can be purchased at a moderate cost. Our new Xmas line is unusually extensive and is comprised of the newest shapes in valours genuine seal, goat seal and alligator leathers. They're leather lined and have leather handles, while some are fitted with miniature toilet sets. Prices range..... **50c. to \$15.**

She'll Appreciate Slippers

WOMEN'S COMFY SLIPPERS, Blue and gray felt, leather covered cushion soles, also felt slippers with flexible leather soles, a pleasing gift at..... **95c.**

Handkerchiefs Always Please

AT 10c. Dainty embroidered handkerchiefs with scalloped edge; others of pure linen and plain hemstitched; values that cannot be equaled at the price, choice..... **10c**

AT 15c. Handsome Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs with scalloped or hemstitched edge, some lace trimmed, others of pure linen and hemstitched, each..... **15c**

AT 25c. Extra fine Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs, scalloped and hemmed edge, some with Japanese drawn work and others pure linen with initials at..... **25c**

For Hubby or Sweetheart

DRESS SHIRTS—What is more sensible than to give a gentleman a shirt for Christmas? We show a line of plaited shirts in plain white and fancy colors at from \$2.50 to..... **\$1**

NECKWEAR—A man can never have too many ties. We show a beautiful new line made up in the newest shapes of handsome figured silk, neatly boxed, special values \$1.75 and..... **50c**

MUFFLERS—A beautiful selection of mufflers, the newest shapes, made of the finest silk, \$5.00 to..... **50c**

COMBINATION SETS, consisting of fancy suspenders, garters and arm bands, attractively boxed..... **75c**

Perfumery

AT 25c—A one ounce bottle of Colgate's perfume, all odors, neatly boxed..... **25c**

AT 50c—Two ounce bottle in all popular odors, attractively boxed..... **50c**

AT \$1.00—Large three ounce bottle of Colgate's perfume in a pretty holly box..... **\$1.00**

Make Her Happy With a Set of Furs

LYNX SET \$9.95—Black lynx set, made from excellent quality skins, large muff, and neck piece the price is very special..... **\$9.95**

WOLFSET AT \$7.98—Made from a lustrous quality of skins, large shawl collar with four tails, extra size pillow muff, a real treat at the price..... **\$7.98**

MARMOT SET \$14.75—A very attractive set of dependable skins, large hawl collar, finished with six tails, pillow muff of good size, very low priced at..... **\$14.75**

Give a Pretty Waist—No lady can have too many waists and for that reason one of these pretty garments will be received with much appreciation. They are advanced spring styles just unpacked for this Christmas sale; come in lingerie, linens lawns, and silk \$6 to..... **98c**

Waist Patterns

Neatly Boxed

WAIST patterns specially boxed for the Christmas trade. Desirable waist lengths, comprising silk materials, silk mixtures fine woolen and mercerized fabrics etc., priced from \$10 to..... **50c**

FOR THE HOME LOVER

LADIES WRITING DESK Mission style staunchly constructed large size, has drawer for stationery, priced at..... **\$10.75**

Comfortable Rocker

COMFORTABLE ROCKER An unexcelled gift for home, comes in quartered oak and mahogany, large massive posts, roll seat, restful back at..... **\$5.95**

The
Globe
DEPARTMENT STORE

UMBRELLAS A WISE GIFT

Can you think of a more sensible gift for man or woman than an umbrella, or one that is apt to be more highly appreciated? It's a foregone conclusion that if you present a friend with one of these beautiful silk umbrellas which we are showing at \$2.98 they'll have a gift to be justly proud of. The handles are exceptionally attractive and come in gold, silver and pearl, as well as natural wood, 26 and 28 inch frames with fine silk covering, special at..... **\$2.98**

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Friday, December 15th.

Our Great Christmas Sale Begins

This is the first Xmas sale we have had, and you will find our store filled from end to end with beautiful Xmas goods displayed in such a manner that you will be able to quickly see the right article for your friends, and families, and the prices on everything are marked so low that your dollar will reach as far in our store as 2 dollars elsewhere. Astonishing bargains will be given in every line, so come early, as the selections are then more choice and the assortments are more complete.

Big Xmas Sale on Coats

Juniors' or Misses' Coats.

Come in mixtures, in a large assortment of styles. Some have large sailor collars trimmed in velvet, cuffs trimmed to match. These coats are positively worth \$10.98, for our Christmas Sale your choice

\$5.98

Ladies' Full Length Coats at \$10.75.

Fine quality coats in serges, mixtures and broadcloth in large variety of styles and sizes, worth \$18.50, for our Xmas sale

\$10.75

Ladies' and Misses' Caracul Coats \$10.98

Fine quality caracul coats beautifully marked and lined with Skinner Satin. These coats are worth \$15.00 for our Xmas sale, special

\$10.98

High Grade Plush or Caracul Coats at \$15.00

Genuine Seal Plush or Caracul coats in this seasons latest style, lined with Skinner Satin throughout, \$20.00 values at our Xmas sale

\$15.00

Gigantic Xmas Sale on Dresses

This is your opportunity to buy a beautiful party dress at almost half the regular price.

Serge Dresses at \$4.98.

We are showing the most exclusive line of dresses ever shown in Burlington, secure a beautiful serge dress trimmed in green, for our Xmas sale, special at

\$4.98

Handsome Silk or Serge Dresses at \$10.00

High grade serge and other material dresses including some beautiful silk dresses worth \$15 to \$18, for our Xmas sale, special at

\$10.00

Beautiful Marquessette and rich black Messaline or Voile dresses values as high as \$25, for our Xmas sale your choice at

\$15.00

Xmas Sale on Beautiful Skirts

Beautifully trimmed and plain all wool panama and serge skirts the assortment includes all colors with up to \$6, for this Xmas at

\$3.98

New Skirts in French Voiles of the hard crisp variety, all wool cheviots and panamas in a big assortment of colors worth \$8, at

\$5.98

Xmas Sale on Suits

Ladies' or Misses' Suits at \$9.98.

Warm fine looking suits come in mixtures and serges, lined with satin some have sailor collar trimmed in satin, an extra bargain for our Xmas sale at only

\$9.98

Ladies' Suits worth \$22.50 at \$15.00

Beautiful all wool worsted, serge and mixture suits, perfectly man-tailored coats, are guaranteed lined, skirts are the new pleated models, for Xmas Sale

\$15.00

Xmas Sale on Children's Coats

Children's Bearskin Coats in white and colors, lined with a good quality lining sizes 2 to 6, special for our Xmas sale at

\$1.98

Children's and Misses' Coats come in kerseys, mixtures and caraculs, an assortment of styles and colors, for our Xmas sale, special at

\$3.95

Xmas Sale on Furs

Realizing what splendid Xmas Gifts Furs are, we have put for special efforts to bring to our store the largest and finest stock that has ever been seen in Burlington. Prices will be cut in half for this Xmas sale be it 75c. or \$100.00 set we positively guarantee

French Coney Sets made of choice lustrous skin, come in black or brown, shawl collar finished with tails, large pillow muffs, both pieces lined with silk, \$8.00 values at our Xmas sale

\$5.98

Blue China Wolf sets extra large, a fluffy rich shawl collar and large pillow muffs, lined with high grade Skinner Satin, special at

\$10.98

Handsome Opossum Sets made of choice select skins, trimmed with tails and lined with guarantee satin, for Xmas sale

\$12.98

We carry a large assortment of Children's furs ranging in prices for sets from

98c. to \$5.00

Waists for Christmas

Put up in Xmas Boxes

Over 500 New White Lingerie Waists in handsome effects you will recognize that these are regular \$1.50 waists, special for our Xmas sale at

\$69

Handsome tailed or mercerized waists button down the front with laundered collar and cuffs. Special for this Xmas sale for

\$98

Beautiful Dress Waists at \$3.95.

Messaline, Persian Silk and Chiffon Dress Waists made with new style sleeve all colors in very unusual values offered for our Xmas Sale Special at

\$3.95

FASHION

BURLINGTON, WISCONSIN 518 CHESTNUT STREET



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ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVE

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1911

WHEN CARVING WAS AN ART

In Old Days the Slicing Was Suited
to the Importance of
the Guest.

Carving was once a serious thing. The sixteenth century carver was a professional. He had to make the joint fit the guest. The size of his slices was the thing. Then he had to know his guests and cut accordingly.

A lord, for instance, at the table, and a pike was dished up whole. Smaller fry, and the pike came on in slices. The same procedure with pig. The rank of the diners decided whether it should appear at table in gold leaf or naked, whole or sliced. With bread, too, there was a difference.

New or three days old baked was at the discretion of the carver as he sized up the visitors. And as for the apportioning of the tidbits according to precedence there was no end. The old-time carver in fact was born and then made.

The eighteenth century was the day of the carving master. He taught hostesses the art. Lady Mary Montagu, for instance, took three lessons a week "that she might be perfect on her father's public days. When, in order to perform her functions without interruptions, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand."

The hostess carved while the host "pushed the bottle." She did more. She urged the guests to eat more and more, and woe to her if she neglected a guest. The diner who was forced to help himself to a slice of anything nearly choked. These diners of the eighteenth century liked being pressed. And the hostess welcomed the end of the feast.—London Chronicle.

To Clean Gold Lace.
Gold lace and embroidery can be cleaned with powdered burnt alum, applied with a soft brush and wiped off with a soft cloth.

Freak Potato.
A freak potato was dug up lately in a Belfast garden. The potato, in the course of its growth had forced its way right through the center of a beef shank bone. It had grown to an enormous size too, and was firmly attached to the bone, bulging out both above and below it.

A Handy Tool.
A combined fork and shovel has been invented by a Washington man, the scoop that forms the latter implement being removable.

Not Always.
Opportunity doesn't always present an engraved calling card.

Foolish.
The man who goes into court merely to obtain satisfaction is about as foolish as the one who exhausts himself in trying to go through the world on a bluff.

Fate's Grim Humor.
A pauper murderer in a German prison has just fallen heir to \$5,000,000.

Can Serve 10,000 Diners.
Berlin has a new restaurant with accommodations for 10,000 diners and a kitchen staff of 500 persons.

Do You Know J. BLUMBERG

Established in 1899

117-119-121 Washington Street,
WAUKEGAN, ILL.,

Has the largest stock of Furniture in Lake county? We undersell any mail order house and absolutely guarantee every piece. We pay the freight or give you an allowance if you call for the goods yourself. Below we list a few items from our immense stock:

BRASS BEDS, full size, worth \$16.00	9.85
for	
ROCKERS, in Oak or Mahogany,	1.95
for	
MORRIS CHAIRS, the push button kind	9.65
for	
RUGS, 27 inch Axminster in a variety of patterns, for	1.95
DINING TABLES, as low	4.95
as	
KITCHEN CABINETS	3.85
for	
SIDEBOARDS, French plate mirror,	12.50
for	
LIBRARY TABLES, Royal oak,	6.25
for	

It costs you nothing to call and look over these lines. You will save money.

\$1.00

Will buy a beautiful new BALDWIN PIANO worth \$300. To introduce our new line of Pianos we are going to give away this Piano Christmas Eve for \$1.00. Write for particulars.



Get Fix up for the Cold Snap

You don't want your face and hands chapped, cracked, and looking or feeling bad.

Get same good toilet soap, and then some good lotion for the skin. We have a fine assortment all of which are real good. Come in and let us fix you up

B. J. HOOPER, Druggist

Telephone Connections

Lake Villa, Ill.

Buy Your Groceries and Meats at Wendland Bros.

LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS

Fancy Groceries

Kellogg's corn flakes	9c
Uncle Sam's breakfast food	20c
Petti John's breakfast food	12c
Shredded wheat	12c
Lima beans per can	9c
Baked " " "	9c
Pumpkins " "	9c
Dates " lb.	9c
Prunes " can	14c
Figs " "	15c
Dried Peaches per can	14c
Boneless codfish per pkg	14c
Continental oil sardines per can	4c
None such mince meat	9c
Calumet baking powder	10 and 20c

Fancy Meats

Fancy rib roast	14c
" pot "	10 to 11c
" round steak	15c
" sirloin steak	17c
" porter house steak	18c
" pork chops	15c
" " roast	14c
" " shoulder	12c
" smoked hams	15c
" smoked bacon	17c
Pure leaf lard 5-lb. pails	60c
Pure leaf lard 3-lb. pails	35c

All other Groceries and Meats at Lowest Possible

Prices



CHRISTMAS GREETING

This season we have given special attention to our Holiday goods, with the view of giving our customers, what they might expect an opportunity to select some of their Holiday gifts from our stock.

What is more practical than a pair of shoes?

What is more acceptable than a pair of house slippers or overshoes?

You don't need to go out of town to buy footwear.

If you are looking for the best, the latest styles or the cheapest don't go any farther than the Cash Shoe Store. We have them

MEN'S

Black kid, white kid lined, slippers	1.25
at	
Tan kid, white kid lined, slippers	1.50
at	
Black kid slippers	1.00
at	
Black velvet slippers	1.25
at	
A new button, patent colt shoe	4.00
at	
Dr. Reed cushion sole, gunmetal	5.00
freak toe shoe	
A splendid box calf, high toe,	2.00
blucher	
Four buckle artics top sole and heel	3.00
at	
Best roll edge storm rubbers	1.00
at	
Best Alaskas	1.50
at	
Best light artics	1.75
at	
Best heavy artics	1.65
at	
Best Storm King artics	1.75
at	
Felt boots and rubbers, moccasins and wannigans all the best and prices right.	

WOMEN'S

Felt Slippers, black fur top	1.00
at	
Felt Slippers, black fur top	1.25
at	
Felt Slippers brown fur top	1.25
at	
Felt Slippers, felt sole	.75
at	
Little sheepskin Slippers for the house	.85
at	
Wool lined, kid Julietes	1.75
at	
Felt Shoes	1.75
at 1.50 and	
A new patent, button shoe	3.00
at	
A new patent, lace shoe	3.00
at	
A new patent button shoe	3.50
at	
Two buckle artics	2.00
at	
One buckle artics	1.25
at	
Toe Rubbers	.50
at	
A good gunmetal shoe	2.25
at	
A good kid button shoe	2.50
at	
A good kid lace shoe	2.00
at	
New styles in gunmetal button and lace	4.00
at	

CHILDREN'S

Girl's red felt, fur top slippers	.95
at 75c, 85c and	
Girl's Alaskas	.85
at	
Girl's gunmetal high tops button shoes	1.50
at	
Girl's gunmetal high tops button shoes	1.75
sizes 11 1/2 to 2	
Girl's patent high top button shoes	2.00
at	
Girl's artics 75c, 85c 90c	1.00
and	
baby shoes	1.25
25c to	
Baby rubbers size 2 1/2 to 5 1/2	.45
at	
Baby artics size 3 to 5	.50
at	
Boy's gunmetal button shoes	2.00
1.50, 1.75 and	
Boy's gunmetal lace shoes	2.00
1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and	
Boy's heavy tan high cut bellus tongue	3.00
at	
Boy's heavy tan high cut bellus tongue	2.25
size 13 1/2 to 2	
Boy's felt boots and rubbers	2.50
at	
Boy's German sox	2.75
at	

Repairing has become quite a feature of our store. We turn out the best work in town, use only the Best materials and do the work "while you wait". Hand turned, welt soles and all kinds of heavy work. Old shoes made like new.

In the past six months our work has doubled and we are prepared to take care of it all.

ANTIOCH CASH SHOE STORE

Good Shoes

Shanking our customers for the prosperous year just past we wish you a happy New Year.

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcements and the
Elgin Butter Market

Xmas ties at Webb's.
Roy Dennison was in Chicago Friday.
J. C. James was a Chicago visitor on Tuesday.

John Martin was a Chicago passenger Wednesday.

H. A. Radtke was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

Joe Lobdan and Paul Ferris were in Chicago Friday.

With this issue we wish you a Merry Christmas.

Jos. Turner Jr. was an Antioch caller Wednesday.

Miss Ida Robertshaw visited relatives in Chicago over Sunday.

Mrs. G. Thayer and Mrs. G. Schilke spent Friday in Kenosha.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldora Horton left on Monday evening for a visit with relatives at Chetek, Wis.

Lost—Black Spaniel with white star on breast. Finder please write Box 83 or phone 202 Antioch.

Mrs. Wm. McNeil returned home on Monday evening after a number of weeks visit at Chetek, Wis.

The first quarterly conference of the M. E. church will be held next Saturday evening at eight o'clock. Dr. W. O. Shepard will preside.

For cut flowers or design work call on G. E. Webb, Racket Store. He will save you money. The Meredith Flower and Vegetable Co. Libertyville, Ill.

Hand painted china makes an ideal Christmas gift. I now have a fine assortment on display at Overton's drug store and am also prepared to fill orders. Prices reasonable. Miss Ada Lux.

Dr. W. O. Shepard, the District Superintendent of the Chicago Northern District, will preach in the M. E. church Sunday morning, followed by communion service. Everybody is welcome.

Mrs. Scott Durand's new Cranberry dairy farm buildings at Lake Bluff, which replace the frame structures burned a year ago, are completed as to outside work and carry out her idea of the greatest dairy farm in the world. There are five buildings of concrete and tile, so safe from fire damage that no insurance is carried. The main building, 160 by 40 feet, centers the group and is for the Guernsey herd. Interior work and landscaping will be done next spring.

Explanation of sun's heat.
The reason why the sun retains its heat despite the large amount it gives out is explained by the fact that heat is generated by the fall of particles toward its center.

Xmas mufflers at Webb's.
The Lake County board of supervisors are in session this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Garrett on Saturday of last week, a son.

Strictly fresh eggs for sale. 35c per doz. Antioch Poultry Farm. Phone 3082.

When your purse strings are loose don't forget H. J. Brogan the Harness Man.

Miss Pauline Smart resumed her duties as teacher of the Bean Hill school Monday.

Wm. Kelly, Geo. Kelly and Wm. Christian attended the fat stock show Saturday.

Gus Schilke attended the funeral of a cousin in Chicago Monday.

Mrs. Sorenson and Miss Mary were Chicago passengers Friday.

During the high wind on Sunday the windmill and storage tank at the Catholic parsonage was blown to the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hook are moving from the G. D. Thayer house into the Klein house vacated by A. M. Christensen.

At the Christian church divine services will be held in the English language on Sunday at two o'clock by Rev. G. H. Voss.

The Christmas tree and exercises will be held on Saturday evening Dec. 23rd. The program will consist of a cantata known as "Which is the greatest day of the year."

If you want a useful present for a young man or lady, one who is about through school buy an Oliver Typewriter, 17 cents per day buys one. J. C. James, Antioch, Illinois.

The members of the Ladies Aid wish to heartily thank all who assisted them at their bazaar, either by work or contribution. Also to thank the editor of the News for advertising room.

By order of Pres.

Olson Camp, R. N. A. held its annual election of officers Tuesday evening the following members being chosen to hold office for the ensuing year: Oracle, Louise Huber; Vice Oracle, Ada Herman; Recorder, Erma Powles; Chancellor, Lillian Harrower; Receiver, Olive Reading; Marshal, Josephine Yopp; Inside Sentinel, Nellie Pierce; Outside Sentinel, Jessie Runyard; Manager, Emma Thayer; Physician, Dr. Warriner.

Where Courage is Shown.
It needs more courage to fight the bothers and the worries and the humdrum of life than to meet its great emergencies.

Gents silk hose at Webb's.

Fancy suspenders at Webb's.

The latest things in caps at Webb's.

Gents silk lined gloves at Webb's.

All kinds of useful Xmas presents at Webb's.

Frank Chinn moved his stock of groceries from the Klein building to the Haynes building Monday.

A. M. Christensen and family moved into the rooms recently fitted up over his tailor shop the first of the week.

Three Per Cent Interest on Savings Act's.
Some people preferring savings book to certificates of deposit we have opened a savings department. Accounts opened from \$1.00 up and interest paid semi-annually. Open a savings account at the State Bank of Antioch. Capital \$25,000. Surplus and undivided profits \$12,500.

See Alden, Bidding & Co. for any thing in music. Pianos, phonographs and records. Two stores, 473 Market street, Kenosha, and 209 N. Genesee street, Waukegan. For piano tuning send to us.

WANTED
At once. Men to represent us, either locally or traveling. Now is the time to start. Money in the work for the right men. Apply at once and secure territory. Allen Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE
Have you forgotten that little bill you owe Tiffany & Felter. If you have not please call and settle at once.

NOTICE.
You can have a fine Corduroy skirt made-to-order in blue or brown for only \$6.00 and a Messaline waist to match for \$4.50.

Mrs. A. G. Watson.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE—SPECIAL WARRANT NO. 3.

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County has rendered judgment for a special assessment upon property benefited by the following improvement.

A cast iron water supply pipe complete on portions of Fox River Road or Main street, Channel Lake road or Lake street, Park, Victoria and Harden streets in the village of Antioch, County of Lake and State of Illinois, as will more fully appear from a certified copy of the judgment on file in my office; that the warrant for the collection of such assessment is in the hands of the undersigned. The total amount of said assessment is \$7,048.

The amount of the first installment is \$1,448.00 and the amount of each succeeding installment is \$1,400.00. Said installments bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from the second day of January 1911 to the second day of January 1912 and are payable annually on or before the second day of January of each year.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the collector's office, at the State Bank of Antioch, within thirty days of the date thereof.

Dated this 14th day of December A. D. 1911.

W. F. Ziegler, Village Collector.

THE IDEAL WORKSHOP.



And the jolliest and best old workman in the world.

BARKER'S
IS THE MEDICINE FOR
Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds
and Catarrh. All Dealers

For Sale by B. H. Ovetron

HIS VISITING LIST.



Old Santa—My, my, how this list does grow. No wonder I occasionally miss one.

Moles as Things of Beauty.
With Turkish ladies moles on the face are considered a great beauty, the pretty theory being that love has kissed and left a spot, or that spirits whispering in the ear have left their light touch on the cheek. No Turkish woman is considered perfectly beautiful, in fact, without a mole or two.

(Official Publication.)
REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
The State Bank of Antioch

at Antioch, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 1st day of December, 1911, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts, for the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

ASSETS.
Loans on Real Estate.....\$ 96,450 00
Loans on Collateral Security.....5,000 00
Other Loans and Discounts.....21,238 51
Overdrafts.....84 23

State, County and Municipal Bonds.....20,770 00
Public Service Corporation Bonds.....22,950 00
Other Bonds and Securities.....35,250 00
78,970 00

Banking House.....4,800 00
Furniture and Fixtures.....1,400 00
6,200 00

Due from State Banks.....6,000 00
Due from National Banks.....29,428 85
35,428 85

Cash on Hand.....4,632 00
Currency.....1,816 00
Gold Coin.....666 15
Silver Coin.....196 27
Minor coin.....6,507 42

Checks and other Cash Items.....129 05
Collections in Transit.....159 05
Total Resources.....\$252,365 06

LIABILITIES.
Capital Stock paid in.....\$ 25,000 00
Undivided Profits.....11,000 00

Less current interest, expenses and taxes paid.....4,608 81
4,608 81

Deposits:
Time Certificates.....171,664 74
Demand Deposits, Subject to Check.....99,878 01
Cashier's Checks.....153 50
\$211,696 25

Total Liabilities.....\$252,365 06
State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss: I, W. F. Ziegler, Cashier of The State Bank of Antioch, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of December, 1911.
DANIEL A. WILLIAMS,
Notary Public.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Spectacles Scientifically Fitted



C. F. INGALLS & BRO.
Jewelers and Opticians
112 Genesee St., Waukegan, Illinois

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.

Loan and Diamond Brokers
New Number 24 and 26 North Dearborn St.
118 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewelry at less than cost. At half the price you pay regular stores. Dec 19 1911

Lotus Camp No. 557 P. W. A.

Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting Neighbors always welcome. L. M. HUGHES, V. C. J. C. James, Clerk

BANK OF ANTIOCH

EDWARD BROOK
BANKER

Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking Business

SEQUOIA LODGE No. 87, A. F. & A. M.
Hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome. W. F. ZIEGLER, W. M. FRANK HUBER, Sec'y
The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. MABEL GRIMM, W. M. IDA OSBORN, Sec'y

E. V. ORVIS

Lawyer and Notary Public. Practice all courts. Farm property for sale. Damage suits and collections of wages a specialty. Fire and Life Insurance
201 Washington Street
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J. C. JAMES, JR.

UNDERTAKER
LICENSED EMBALMER
Licensed by the State Board of Health

TRAVEL SHOP

THIS LITTLE SHOP TALK won't bore you because it isn't long enough and YOU will read it because 99 out of 100 will, so the odds are against you. However, the TRAVEL SHOP is an innovation. It is a shop where EVERYTHING in the way of transportation is sold to anywhere at the lowest possible prices. If you're planning your next season's vacation now, and you should be, write the travel shop. If you're going anywhere this winter, to California, Florida, Pacific Coast or the East write the TRAVEL SHOP. This shop is splendidly equipped as to travel ideas, and the experts in charge are more than anxious to answer your letters promptly or to see you personally should you visit the city at any time.

GET ACQUAINTED
TRAVEL SHOP

410 Nicollet Avenue Minneapolis, Minn

BATTERSHALL'S Special Holiday Display

We are making the greatest effort we have ever made to please, both as to the selection of our immense stock and the very low margin of profit at which we have marked every item. Only a few more trading days are left and we advise making your purchases at once to avoid the inconvenience of the later days rush.

GROCERIES

Bananas per dozen.....10
Oranges, all prices down to per doz.....15
Apples, per peck.....25
Lemons, per doz.....18
Salted Peanuts, per pound.....10
Fancy fresh Walnut meats per lb.....40
Mixed Nuts, per pound.....08
Burnt Peanuts per pound.....12
Peanut Brittle per lb.....10
Wrapped Carmels per lb.....10
Stick Candy per lb.....13
Chocolate Creams per lb.....10
Filbert Fudge per lb.....14
Chocolate Chips per lb.....20
Dipped Carmels per lb.....16
3 quarts Cranberries per lb.....25
Baker's Sweet Chocolate cake.....05
26c Battle St. Croix Maple Syrup.....19
Pure Maple Sugar per lb.....17
17 lbs. Granulated sugar.....\$1.00
9 bars Lenax soap.....25
7 bars Wool soap.....25
10 bars Swift's Pride soap.....25
Baker's Premium Chocolate, lb.....28
2 pkgs yeast.....05
Richlieu seeded raisins.....08
4 cans corn.....25
3 pkgs Argo starch.....10
Gold Dust, large size.....17
Corn Flakes.....07
3 lbs 20-Mule borax.....25

4 pkgs best mince meat.....25
4 pkgs Macaroni.....25
Grape nuts.....10
10 lbs pure Buckwheat flour.....35
Sour pickles per gal.....20

BOOKS.

We are offering a very large and most complete line of books of every description in toy gift and popular fiction.
Mrs. T. Meade books for girls.....20
Alger books for boys.....10
Nicely bound fiction.....10
Late popular copyrights we offer about 100 different titles, per copy.....50
Five Little Peppers and how they grow at.....30
Painting books up from.....10

DRY GOODS

Standard prints, yd.....04 1-2
Best apron ginghams, yd.....06
6 spools thread.....26
2 pkgs common pins, best.....05
2 cards safety pins.....05

HOLIDAY GOODS

We have the largest and most complete line of Holiday goods we have ever been able to show, consisting of toys, dolls, sleighs, skates, friction and mechanical toys, trains, toy houses and barns. A large line of gift and toy books and popular fiction. Jewelry, domestic and imported cut glass and china. We want you to see our line which we now have on display.

F. D. BATTERSHALL

General Merchandise Grayslake, Illinois

High Grade Plumbing

Sanitary Appliances

W. E. Volkman
STEAM AND HOT WATER
HEATING

Telephone 462

Estimates Furnished

ANTIOCH, ILL.

**OFTEN
MAKES
A
QUICK NEED
FOR
THE CURE
THAT'S SURE
DR. KING'S
NEW DISCOVERY
FOR
COUGHS AND COLDS
WHOOING COUGH
AND ALL TROUBLES OF
THROAT AND LUNGS
PROMPT USE WILL OFTEN PREVENT
PNEUMONIA AND CONSUMPTION
PRICE 50c and \$1.00
SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY
Sold by B. H. OVERTON, Druggist**



And the jolliest and best old workman in the world.

BARKER'S
IS THE MEDICINE FOR
Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds
and Catarrh. All Dealers

For Sale by B. H. Ovetron

A CHRISTMAS ALIAS

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C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON



A handsome, aquiline-faced young man, so dark of skin that he might well have passed for an Italian. At the head of the impatient horses stood an impassive English groom.

Young Lord Belever, who was driving his own coach, scanned eagerly from under the brim of his smart bowler, the persons who came crowding out of the station. His eyes lighted with pleasure as a girl appeared in the doorway, followed by an older lady, and two porters, carrying luggage and wraps. A dash of Parisian smartness in the lines of the well-cut traveling dress and the perfectly fitting boots, a more than Anglo-Saxon frankness and independence of carriage, announced the girl as an American.

A driver bent down from the box of his carriage, and, in answer to a question from the young lady, in elementary Italian, demanded 14 francs for the drive to Amalfi.

"But 'Baedeker' says the tariff is five or six," expostulated the girl. Her Italian was fluent, if the grammar was a little shaky. Lord Belever, from his high box-seat, heard every word.

"Baedeker!" The Italian driver snapped his fingers with a gesture of contempt. "Fourteen francs is the fare."

The girl bit her lip. She thought she was being cheated and that made her angry.

"Perhaps we had better take him and have done with it, dear," suggested the elder lady. "It doesn't matter much, you know. There are not many carriages left. If we bargain too long we may get none."

"Mamma," exclaimed the beauty, "I hate to be cheated!"

She looked around, and catching sight of Belever's pawing, glossy bays, her pleased eyes traveled in one glance up to the box-seat, where the young man sat looking eagerly down on her.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed the girl, "if there isn't a perfectly lovely coach, and I believe the man wants to drive us!"

"It's sure to be more than the cab, dear."

"How much to drive us to Amalfi?" cried the girl.

"Five francs each, ladies," was the prompt answer in good Italian, the language in which the coachman had been addressed.

"Bene," came the quick reply, and the girl signed to the porters to put the bags and wraps inside the coach. The groom, hiding a grin, ran with a ladder; the elder lady mounted to a place behind the driver; the beauty climbing to the box-seat. With a flick of the long whip the bays dashed forward.

"I call this too glorious for words!" The beauty's cheeks were tinged with carnine, brought there by the tingling sea air that blew up the ravine; her eyes sparkled. "Aren't we in luck, mamma, to have got seats in this splendid coach, and with such a driver, too? See how well he handles the reins! And his profile looks as if he were cast in bronze."

"Take care, Lesley! Are you sure he doesn't understand you, dear?"

"Oh, that's all right! Very few of these Italian drivers know more than two or three words of English."

Then the girl began to talk Italian to the coachman and he answered her in the same tongue, fluently and courteously. Belever could speak Italian nearly as well as his own language and Lesley's knowledge was not deep enough to detect his few slips. He felt guilty, but dared not betray his nationality, lest the ladies should insist on being put down at the next village.

"Well, mamma," cried Lesley, turning in her place, "we've had a splendid time in Europe, haven't we? We've seen and done such a lot of things. But I believe I like Italy best of all. Of course, Egypt was gorgeous and Greece was lovely."

"And England—" prompted the mother.

"England was sweet. But it was disappointing in one way. Only fancy our not meeting one single, solitary, real, live lord. I shall be ashamed to go home. My country expected it of me. And—I failed. Such a shame we should have missed Lord Belever! When I brought three new dresses on purpose, too!"

Bever started. This was a nice scrape he had got himself into. But he didn't see any way out of it now. He could not suddenly exclaim, "Behold, I am Lord Belever!" He had seldom been more uncomfortable; but the worst of it was that he found himself base enough to snatch a fearful joy from the situation.

"I dare say he would have been most uninteresting when you came to know him," the girl's mother proceeded to console her.

But the Dering-Lacys said he was lively, clever and good-looking, don't remember? I was so looking for-

ward to our one country-house visit in England; and, of course, it was very nice, but it did seem an anticlimax when the very man I'd been invited to flirt with never turned up at all. Oh, what he missed!" and she laughed.

Bever could cheerfully have kicked himself. To think that he might have met this divine creature in a decent, self-respecting manner, if only he hadn't sent an unworthy excuse to those good but dull people, the Dering-Lacys.

Through inquiries he had learned at the Bristol that the ladies were Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, but somehow he had failed to associate the name with that of the American heiress with whom the Dering-Lacys had tried to tempt him a few weeks ago. And in his blindness he had rejoiced in the thought of meeting the girl at Amalfi, whither he had ascertained



It Was She!

from the hotel porter that they were going, and whither he had already purposed driving in his coach, which had lately won honors in the coaching meet at Naples.

These desperate reflections drove the hitherto loquacious coachman into an abstracted silence. He answered vaguely the questions with which Lesley did not cease to ply the "perfectly lovely coachman with the bronze profile." He was actually relieved when he stopped his horses at the foot of the long flight of steps that wound up the cliff to the Hotel Cappuccini.

His mind was in a tumult. He, too, was due at the Cappuccini, where his room was engaged; but now he hesitated to go and claim it and to appear in his own person before the American ladies. The craven thought came into his mind that he should run away; then he half resolved to declare himself at once. He had been unable to decide upon a course of action when the ladies prepared to descend from the coach. Then he overheard Lesley whisper to her mother: "He's been so nice and intelligent, don't you think we might give him a couple of francs for himself?" Before he could speak, the girl had placed 12 francs in his hand, wishing him a smiling goodby.

Bever hesitated. To speak, or not to speak—which was wiser in the mind of man? But he found himself maintaining his part by uttering a deferential "Molte grazie, signorina."

Bever turned his smoking team, and walked them back to their stable in the town, where he left coach and horses in the hands of his groom. Strolling slowly back to the Cappuccini steps, his courage suddenly returned to him. He would face the music, brave out the situation and trust to his own tact and the ladies' sense of humor to save the position. One thing only was impossible—to give up the adventure and see the girl no more. He mounted the many steps, received a warm welcome from the handsome and effusive Italian landlord, and in the visitors' book set a firm, clear "Bever, England." Immediately under the clever, characteristic writing in which Lesley had inscribed the names of "Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, New York, U. S. A."

Until the gong clashed out the hour of dinner Bever kept his room, writing letters, slowly changing into his evening clothes, stopping every now and then to lean upon his window-ledge and gaze out upon the incomparable beauty of Amalfi. He was among the earliest persons in the long, vaulted dining-room, once the refectory of the Capuchins, and a word in the ear, and a coin in the hand of the head-waiter, procured him a place next to Miss Fleetwood. This arranged, he retired a little and mingled with the throng of Germans, English, French and Americans who were trooping in to dinner. In a moment or two he saw Mrs. Fleetwood and her daughter coming in from the reading-room, Lesley in a simple but charming white evening dress, shining in his eyes, among the other women, like a flower among weeds.

When the two ladies were seated Bever grasped his courage in both hands and, with a thumping heart, took the vacant place by Lesley's side. The girl looked up. Her eyes widened with wonder as she gave him

a quick, surprised glance; then a gleam of merriment flashed into her face, and a rich, warm blush reddened her cheeks, tingling even the shell-like ear. Belever saw, with infinite relief, that the first encounter was to be decided in his favor. He smiled and bowed, looking very handsome in his evening dress.

"I hope," he ventured, "that you are not tired after your drive."

Mrs. Fleetwood was looking at him across her daughter.

"Is it possible?" she had begun.

"I'm afraid it is, mamma," Lesley cut in mischievously. "Somewhere there's been a very big mistake. Whether it's our fault or this gentleman's, I don't know."

"Let me take all the blame," said Belever, hastily. "If blame there be, for letting myself appear to be what I am not, it was hard to withstand the temptation of having two ladies as companions on the drive."

"And I made personal remarks, and gave you two francs for yourself!" Lesley threw up her two little hands in horror.

"It was the sincerest compliment I ever received," said Belever. "I shall always keep the coin in recollection of the pleasantest drive of my life." He was wonderfully happy again by this time.

"And that was really your own coach and you are not an Italian?"

"I am as little Italian as you are. I drive my coach for my own pleasure about this coast. I have rented one of those old watch towers which we passed on the way and am having it furnished and fitted up for me now. It would give me great pleasure if you and your mother will take tea with me there one afternoon."

"That would be delightful," Lesley exclaimed; but her forehead had a little, thoughtful pucker and she spoke abstractedly. Belever feared that she was trying to recall the things she had said in English to her mother in the course of the drive, and to keep her from a reflection that might be dangerous to himself, he dashed into conversation.

"By the way," Lesley was saying, "we saw in the visitors' book that Lord Belever is in the hotel. He seems to have arrived to-day, for his name is just under ours. Do you happen to know him?"

Lesley had glanced curiously as she spoke along the row of diners lingering over their nuts, and now she turned full to her companion. In spite of himself he flushed scarlet. He was beginning a stammering reply, when the look on the girl's face checked his words. The truth had flashed into her understanding like a lightning stroke and she was enduring bitter mortification when she remembered how freely she had spoken of him in his own hearing. Her face first crimsoned, then froze into icy laughter. Belever looked at her beseechingly and would have spoken had she not stopped him with a gesture. She murmured something to her mother, both ladies rose, and, turning their backs on Belever, without a word or sign, they joined the crowd moving from the room.

The lamps in the long, white house were nearly all extinguished when at last Belever went to bed, but not to sleep. As soon as it was light next morning, he was dressed and out, and, taking a small boat on the beach, he pulled out beyond the tiny pier that forms the harbor of Amalfi. Resting on his oars, he looked up to the quaint, white hotel.

Suddenly a window was thrown open and a graceful figure, dressed in some loose, white morning wrapper, stepped out on the balcony. It was she! Belever's heart beat fast as he looked up at the girl he had loved at first sight standing with one little hand shading her eyes from the sun, drinking in the beauty of the scene. Presently she looked down, as it seemed, into his very eyes. He thought she recognized him, for with an impatient movement she hastily went in, closing the window after her.

Dejectedly Belever rowed ashore and mounted the long flights of steps to the hotel. He thought of packing up his things at once and finding another lodging until his own place should be ready for habitation; but a certain obstinacy in his nature held him from his course. After all, was he so much to blame? Had he done a thing too bad for forgiveness? If he frankly apologized to the ladies, ought they not to forget his impulsive error of taste and receive him again on a footing of friendship? He determined to seize the first opportunity for an explanation.

He had not long to wait, for as he was passing down the long corridor on his way to the salle-a-manger for breakfast a door opened in front of him and Lesley herself appeared.

"Miss Fleetwood—" He had begun appealingly, when she turned on him a look so full of resentment that the words died on his lips. She passed him with a hardening of the dainty features and her pretty chin in the air. Belever fell back, biting his lip. For the next two or three hours he wandered wretchedly about the ancient town and presently found himself again at the little port, where he began to talk with one of the Italian masons employed on the works for strengthening the pier. Suddenly this man broke off in an explanation he was giving of the means by which they transported and sunk the heavy blocks of concrete and raised a warning finger. With startled eyes he was looking up at the great cliff that rose above the harbor.

"Did you hear that, signora?" he

asked in an awed whisper. "It is the mountain working. That is the third time since breakfast I have heard it crack and strain. At six this morning the Hotel Santa Caterina cracked."

"Good heavens! Do you mean that the cliff will fall?"

"I think there is great danger, signora. We have had a fortnight's rain, and the building of the Hotel Santa Caterina there has weakened the base of the mountain. I shall go and call the syndic."

Far above him Belever could see that many persons had come out of the Hotel Cappuccini and were assembled on the terrace looking toward the overhanging part of the mountain. He recognized the flowing whiskers of old Signor Vozzi, the landlord, and could see the white aprons and the bright dresses of the servants mingling with the darker costumes of the hotel guests. Then, on the terrace to the left of the house, beyond the cloisters, just under the grotto, he detected a gleam of poppy color, and, staring hard, he recognized Lesley Fleetwood, walking slowly up and down, all unconscious of the danger that threatened her.

With a shout, Belever started for the grotto. It was approached by a long flight of steps which turned two or three times until they reached the terrace of the grotto.

The girl looked up suddenly, and her face flushed. She turned from him impatiently.

"Miss Fleetwood, there is great danger; the mountain will fall," he cried excitedly. "You must come at once."

"Must!" repeated the girl, with a surprised lifting of the eyebrows.

"This is no time for ceremony," he answered; "the peril is near. Your mother and everyone has run out from the hotel."

"Are you afraid?" She looked at him half mockingly, half disdainfully. "I am afraid for you. I entreat you to come at once!"

"Thank you. I prefer to stay where I am, and to be alone."

With this there came from above a shower of loose stone and dust that poured from the edge of the cliff over their heads.

"You see!" he cried. "My witness." "Nonsense!" said Lesley, sharply. "A servant told me those stalactites and things always fall after rain. Pray lose no time in saving yourself from the terrible danger!"

Down came another stone. There was a strange sound, mysterious, indescribable, that came from the mountain. It was as if a giant imprisoned inside were stirring cautiously.

The man and the girl looked into each other's eyes, defiance in hers, pleading in his. But suddenly a hot wave seemed to rush through Belever's veins. With a wild shout from below ringing in his ears, he caught the girl in his arms as if she had been a child. The mountain groaned. Belever sprang from under the arch of the grotto and, as if that fettered giant grudged the loss of his prey, there came a great roaring, which filled the air and confused the young man's senses. With a tremendous crash, a huge mass of rock plunged down from the foot of the grotto upon the very spot where, an instant ago, the two had stood, smashing into fragments the concrete pavement of the platform. The ground shook under Belever's feet; the earth seemed to quake as if it were turned to a



Cried to Him to Come Back.

jelly. Deafened, half blind, unable to think, he still ran on, Lesley quiet as death against his shoulder.

Running down the few steps toward the hotel, which lay below the grotto in the rock, he reached the cloisters. Something seemed compelling him to look up. The whole mountain appeared to be falling. In the midst of a rushing mass from above three human figures detached themselves, shooting downward, limp as dolls made of rags, yet dignified into supreme tragedy.

"A few seconds and we shall be like that," were the words, that flashed through Belever's brain. Still, though he was hopeless now, instinct made him run on—for dear life.

Hardly had the thought of what might come printed itself before his eyes, when the whole great, overhanging mass of cliff broke away and fell headlong.

Now they were in the chapel. It was like a dream to be there. The



soft dusk, the peace, the faint suggestion of incense, the lighted candles—in honor of the Christmas season—on the altar, and dotted about among the quaint little oriental figures of the 'crib,' or 'presepio,' all seemed unreal, a mirage of peace in the presence of great danger. The rushing noise, like an advancing tidal wave, grew louder. From the doorway through which he had just come Belever could see what was happening. He saw a huge flying boulder strike the roof of the hotel, crush it in, and break away the wall beneath, as if the solid, ancient structure, which had weathered the storms of 800 years, had been a house of cards, set up by the hands of a child.

For a moment he believed that the whole building would go, and the girl he loved with it. But he heard the thunder of the landslide as it swept down to the sea, engulfing the Santa Caterina as it went and throwing a towering wall of water that rushed in upon the beach. Then a great silence fell, broken only by the far-away shouting of human voices sounding strangely small and feeble after nature's savage uproar. Nothing more happened. They were saved.

Lesley had clung to him speechless, almost breathless, and Belever had clasped her tightly, hardly knowing how tightly. But now he gently released her. As he did so, she fell away from him, half fainting, and he caught her again, with his arm round her waist.

"For heaven's sake, tell me that you're not hurt—that no stone struck you as we came," he stammered. "No," she whispered, for all strength was gone from her, and she could not speak aloud. "No—but you—there's a streak of blood on your forehead. Oh, how can I ever forgive myself? You might have been killed. It was all—all my fault. I was a wretch. You ought to have gone and left me."

"I'd rather have been killed than do that," said Belever. He had forgotten to let her go. She had forgotten to draw herself away, and so they still stood together, these two enemies, she leaning slightly against him, he with his arm round her waist. "Oh, why do you say that?" she faltered. "I was so obstinate—so wicked. I deserved anything. I wonder you cared."

"But, you see, I loved you," said Belever, quite simply. "If the end had to come I wanted it to come for me, too." It did not seem in the least strange that he should be telling her this, though she had never seen him until yesterday and had refused to speak to him this morning. They had known each other always, now, and they could never go back to being strangers again.

She did not answer, or even appear surprised; but, when her eyes left his they wandered all about the chapel, thinking how beautiful it looked and how sacred it seemed and how good it was to be there.

"I hope—" she began; but what she hoped Belever was not to know, for a pale woman appeared at the door, leading into the chapel from the hotel opposite the entrance from the cloisters, and, at the sight of the two figures standing together in the jeweled twilight broke into sobs.

"Lesley—thank heaven!" she ejaculated. "I've searched everywhere for you. They tried to keep me from coming back to the house, but I would."

Lesley ran to her mother. "He saved my life," she said.

The elder woman held out both her hands to him.

"How can I thank you?" she cried.

"By forgiving me—if you will," he spoke to her, but he looked at Lesley.

"We start, newly from this moment," said the girl. Her eyes were wonderfully soft and sweet in the chapel's dusk, jeweled by the candle lights.

"Come away quickly," implored her mother. "Who knows yet if it is safe even here? It has all been so sudden, so horrible. I saw everything from the terrace—the peasants falling over the cliff from above, the fishing boats crushed—oh, I shall dream of it always. Signora Vozzi says, even if all is well after this, every one must leave the hotel as soon as we can get our things together. Do come!"

She turned toward the door again, drawing Lesley with her. Belever followed and at the door Lesley turned back. He hardly dared to believe that he had read aright what her eyes said.

Kidney Trouble Is Very Deceptive

Few Realize They're Affected Till Danger Point Is Reached—Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills Work Wonders—Sample Free!

Kidney disease is much more common than most people imagine. Many sufferers do not know what's ailing them—until the trouble becomes serious. Some trifling affection may run into the dread diabetes, dropsy or Bright's disease before one realizes there's anything wrong with his kidneys. Usually the most noticeable symptoms which first appear are far from the seat of the trouble, and the sufferer mistakes the nature of his ailment. Dull headaches or nervousness, for instance, he never thinks of as signs of diseased kidneys. Even the aching back and sides, rheumatism, pains or twitching in groins or limbs, sore, inflamed muscles, he may consider indications of some other trouble. Unnaturally colored or cloudy urine, too frequent or too scanty urination, burning sensation, are of course readily recognized as symptoms of such disorders.

Because of the deceptive and dangerous character of these ailments, if you suspect your kidneys are diseased, lose no time in beginning treatment. The best possible remedy for you is Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills. They are quite different from anything else in the market. They act in two ways: cleanse the clogged kidneys of their poisonous impurities, strengthen them so they perform their duties normally, naturally. There's no other way to really cure kidney derangements, resultant bladder troubles and rheumatism—and permanently banish those frightful aches and pains.

Get a package of these marvelous Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills at once. 25c and 50c packages. If you want to try them first ask your druggist for a free sample package, or same will be sent direct by Derby Medicine Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

HIS VOCATION.



"I suppose you'll be an agriculturist when you grow up?" "No'm. I'm just going to work on this farm, that's all."

Fellows in Distress. An efficient woman principal of a New York grammar school, though devoid of good looks and bearing the marks of long service in her profession, still retains the charm of a delightful frankness. One day, while watching the pupils pass out of her building two by two, as usual, she noticed one boy marching alone, with his arm to his eyes, sobbing tumultuously. In answer to her solicitous inquiry as she drew him from the line, the little fellow wailed: "I—I haven't got no pardner!"

The principal extended a prompt and sympathetic hand. "Shake, dear boy, shake!" she invited. "I haven't, either."

Some Undertaking. The official undertaker of a small town was driving through the county on one of his regular missions. A woman came out to the gate of a farm yard and hailed him.

"I don't seem to recall your name, madam," he said.

"That's funny!" she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."

We are apt to speak of a man as being lucky when he has succeeded where we have failed.

For Instance
Post Toasties
The Memory Lingers because they are **GOOD**

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Ernest Wald is in Chicago this week. C. J. Jarvis was a Chicago passenger Wednesday.

John Nadr and R. Wendland are on our sick list.

T. J. Webb was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

John Hughes who has been sick, is much better.

Rush Hussey spent Sunday at his home in Evanston.

Arthur Wilton, Earl and Arthur Hawkins were in Chicago Friday.

Several new houses are being built, this fall on the new Burnett sub division.

John Phillippi, station agent, was suddenly called home Sunday morning, on account of the death of a sister.

The Angola Cemetery society will meet with Mrs. Chas. Hamlin Tuesday afternoon Dec. 19. Elsie Quedenfeld, Secretary.

Chas. A. Larsen of Waupaca, Wis. is employed as second trick operator in place of Mr. Wilkins and the latter taking the agency in the vacancy of Mr. Phillippi.

BRISTOL

Mrs. Chas. Aldrich is entertaining relatives from Sioux City, Iowa.

Mrs. Wm. Perrigo visited relatives at Harvard and Rockford this week.

Mrs. Smith who has been visiting her mother returned to her home at Madison Saturday.

The recent rains have made the roads almost impassable, milk wagons are using from three to four horses.

Good Cement.

From an old notebook comes this recipe for making a cement to mend broken china. Fill a small bottle with ground isinglass and pour over it sufficient unsweetened gin to fill the bottle. Place it on the back of the stove or in a warm place. Immerse in a vessel of hot water until the isinglass is dissolved, and the cement is ready for use.

MILLBURN

Listen for the wedding bells.

Wm. Bonner moved into their new home this week.

Wm. Martin is seen on our streets quite often. We wonder why?

Alfred Spafford spent last week in Chicago.

Mrs. Spafford who was seriously ill is on the gain.

Mm. McGuire spent over Sunday in Waukegan.

On account of bad weather and roads there was a very small attendance out Sunday.

Mrs. R. Wood of Toledo, Ohio, has returned to her home after spending a week with her parents here.

Mrs. Geo. Jamieson returned from Rochester, Wis., last Wednesday.

Geo. Jamieson, Robert McCann and W. G. Thom attended the stock show in Chicago.

Emerson Winters will be the entertainer at the Millburn church, Dec. 19. Under the auspices of the C. E. society.

The C. E. society will pack a box of clothing to be sent to Chicago. Any one having clothes they do not want please leave at the home of A. H. Stewart. Miss Vivian Bonner will take charge of them.

Mrs. James Armour died at the home of her son-in-law, Nick Luiken Saturday evening, Dec. 9, of pneumonia, she was seriously ill when her daughter, Mrs. Luiken died on Dec. 3. She leaves to mourn, a husband, 3 sons and 4 daughters. Funeral was held at the home on Tuesday, with burial at Millburn. We extend sympathy.

His Last Word.

Here is one case where the husband had the last word and possibly scored a point. It was during a little spat. His wife had been talking for ten minutes without a letup and the end came only when she asserted vehemently, "There, I hope I've made myself plain!" "Made yourself plain, my dear!" he replied. "Why, bless your heart, I didn't know you had anything to do with it. I thought you were born that way."

HICKORY

No church last Sunday on account of the storm.

Andrew Pedersen spent last Thursday in Chicago.

Ray Harmer spent a few days in Chicago last week.

Bert Edwards attended the stock show in Chicago Wednesday.

Mr. Pedersen and daughter Agnes spent Sunday at Lake Villa.

Mrs. Geo. Tillotson and Mrs. Harry Tillotson spent Saturday in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Holtorf attended the wedding of their son Alvin, at Bristol last week.

The cemetery society will meet at the church on Thursday, Dec. 21. Dinner served by Mrs. Mabel Grimm and Mrs. Nettie Frazier. Dinner served from 11 to 3:30. All are welcome.

There will be a Christmas entertainment and tree at the church Thursday, Dec. 21, given by Miss Ebert and her school. Santa Claus is expected to get there at that date. Program will commence at 8 o'clock sharp. You are welcome.

For Those Who Hear Not.

The bullboy had fairly split his throat shouting directions to deaf persons who had called to see Mr. Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz lived in the fourth floor rear right-hand apartment, through the long hall and up shouting to make some folks understand that

"I never saw so many deaf people in my life," said the boy. "What on earth are they all running up to Schwartz's for?"

"Mr. Schwartz has advertised a deaf man's phonograph for sale," said a neighbor. "He is very hard of hearing. The phonograph was made especially for him. It has an unusually loud tone. Nobody but the hard of hearing can live with such entertainment. Mr. Schwartz is a very trouble, has advertised for a deaf purchaser."

Why Is It Thus?

"We often wonder," says the Springfield Union, "why anyone should put himself to the trouble and expense of going to the Adirondacks or the Maine woods to be shot in mistake for a deer when it is so much easier and more convenient to pick a few mushrooms in a nearby field and die at home surrounded by one's sorrowing relatives."

Town's Claim to Prominence.

The town of Grasse in France is one of the largest centers for the manufacture of perfume.

HE PLANNED HIS OWN DEATH

How Sir William Hankford 500 Years Ago Evaded Law Against Committing Suicide.

Suicides often adopt ingenious methods, but the art of the felo de se seems not to have advanced materially during the centuries. The modern case of a heavily insured broker who on a fabled hunting trip stood barelegged in a quagmire for hours and willfully contracted a fatal pneumonia is matched in cleverness by one 500 years old.

The following facts are well vouched for, and indeed were never questioned, says the Green Bag. Sir William Hankford, a judge of the king's bench in the reigns of Edward III, Henry IV, Henry V and Henry VI, and at the time of his death chief justice of England, was a man of melancholy temperament.

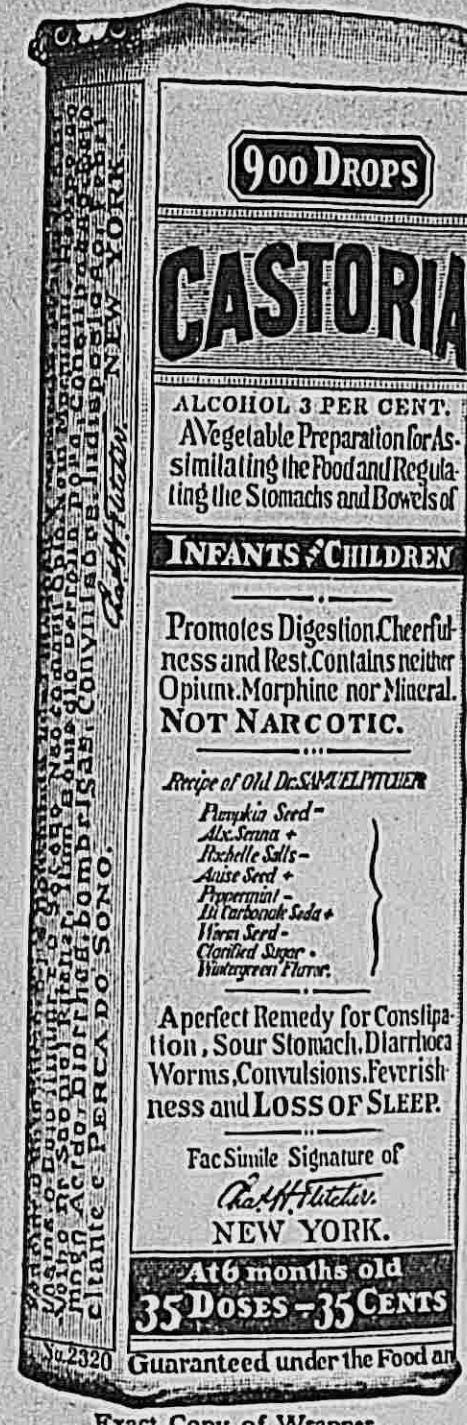
He seems to have contemplated suicide the greater part of his long life and during his later years the idea became a fixed purpose. The act was of peculiarly serious consequences in those days for the reason that the law treated it as a capital crime. The offender was buried at the cross roads, with a stake driven through his body, and all his goods and property were forfeited to the crown, to the utter ruin of his family.

Hankford made good use of his wits and succeeded in accomplishing his purpose without incurring either unpleasant penalty. He gave open instructions to his gamekeeper, who had been troubled with poachers in the deer preserve, to challenge all trespassers in the future and to shoot to kill if they would not stand and give an account.

One dark night he purposely crossed the keeper's path, and upon challenge made motions of resistance and escape. The faithful servant, failing to recognize his master, followed instruction to the letter, as was expected of him, and Sir William fell dead in his tracks. The whole truth of the affair was common knowledge, but it was impossible to establish a case of suicide by legal proof. The servant was protected by his instructions. Hankford had honorable burial and his estate passed to those whose interests as heirs he had so wisely considered.

Art Anachronism.

"It is generally acknowledged that the most brilliant little cavalry officer the nation has ever produced was Oliver Cromwell. It is, therefore, peculiarly unfortunate—but it is nevertheless a fact—that on the statue of the Protector which stands outside Westminster hall the spurs are represented as attached to the boots upside down! Further, the left spur is on the right foot, and the right is on the left, while it is insisted by the best experts that the spurs are not of the period."—Bargain Book.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

Chick's Curious Upbringing. A little Andalusian chicken owned by a Kelso farmer has had a curious upbringing so far. A pigeon recently built its nest about fourteen feet from the ground at Floors Home farm, and on the nest being examined the bird was found to have hatched the Andalusian chicken, the chick's mother having apparently deserted the egg in the pigeon's nest. The chicken was given to the Kelso farm which has taken to the young bird as if it had been its own.

Something From Nothing. Some children were once asked by an inspector at a school examination whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl, holding her hand up attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question, upon which she gave this definition: "Nobody does nothing and everybody goes round telling it."

Had Tested Them. One evening grandma sent Johnny to the store to buy matches and told him to hurry, for she wanted to light a lamp. One hour later Johnny returned with the matches. Grandma said: "Johnny the matches are not good." "Yes, they are," answered Johnny. "I have tried every one, they were all good."



HOLIDAY IDEAS



STOP! LOOK!

This is the  that Fits FOR COMFORT AND DURABILITY

THE "KING GEORGE" SHOE

No Cramped Toes to make Corns. No tired feet when wearing "King George" Shoes. Every shoe fitted to give Comfort or money back. For sale at the CITY SHOE STORE, J. R. CRIBB.



XMAS GIFTS

Hair Ornaments for Xmas
Burets, side and
back combs hun-
dreds to pick from
25c.



If you want to spend a Merry Xmas, call at HEIN'S Store in Waukegan. The merchandise displayed there is the finest that money can buy, any item mentioned in this ad would make a sensible gift---a lasting remembrance of a Merry Christmas---ours is exclusively a ladies store---our word is as good as our bond---our merchandise all guaranteed---don't miss our Xmas Display

Coats For Christmas

CARACUL	MIXTURES	CHILDREN'S	PLUSH
Those cosy caracul coats extra well made high collar and deep cuffs worth \$15.00. Xmas sale	Handsome novelty mixture coats Scotch and English tweeds. Irish home spins, broad-cloth and a variety of new goods all worth double. \$15.00, \$10.00 and	Junior coats newest mixtures, latest styles worth \$10.00. for Xmas	Beautiful Seal Plush Coats, large collars and deep cuffs, lined with quilted or brocaded satin, exclusive styles Xmas Sale. \$22.50, \$16.50 and
\$6.98	\$6.98	5.98 1.98	13.50
DRESSES	Fur Coats For Xmas		DRESSES
Ladies' Misses' wool dresses, silk and satin trimmed, high waist effects, worth \$10.00 Xmas Sale	Genuine Russian Pony coats, brocaded satin lining handsomest garment of the season worth 75.00 xmas sale	French Cooney Coats specially select furs beautiful coats, 50.00 value Xmas Sale	Ladies' Wool, Serge and Silk Dresses, extra well made and handsomely trimmed, latest models worth \$15.00. Xmas Sale
\$4.98	\$35.00	\$25.00	\$9.75

Silk petticoats
Large roomy silk petticoats, taffeta or messaline all colors, 3.50 values. Xmas sale **\$1.98**

Wool Sweaters
Ladies' or Misses' **\$1.98**

Hand Bags
Plush bags, with long chain or heavy silk cord 2.00 value for xmas **98c**



SHOES
Ladies hand made Shoes put cut, gun metal or calf, lace or button \$3.50 values for xmas **\$1.98**



Silk waists
A large assortment of silk and lace waists all colors, long or short sleeves, high or low necks, extra well made 3.50 values. Xmas sale **\$1.98**

Belt Pins
Enameled pins in neat designs w'th up to \$1.25c **25c**

Auto Caps
Auto Caps, heavy Eider-down wool all colors worth \$1.50 **98c**

SHOES - SHOES
Boy or Girls dress shoes, high or low cut strictly hand made all samples, worth \$3.50 for **\$1.65**
One hundred pairs Children's shoes, a travelers sample line worth 2.00 a pair for **95c.**



Suits For Xmas

All our Ladies' and Misses' suits that sold as high as \$35. in plain or fancy mixtures silk, satin or velvet trimmed, panel and pleat skirts. \$15.00, \$10.00 and **\$6.98**

Furs For Xmas

It would be difficult to select anything better than a set of FURS for xmas we have beautiful sets in grey, black and Brown, all the popular FURS. \$10.00, \$8.75 and **\$5.00**

We Refund Carfare on Purchases of \$5.00 or Over

HEIN'S

WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS. NEAR POSTOFFICE.

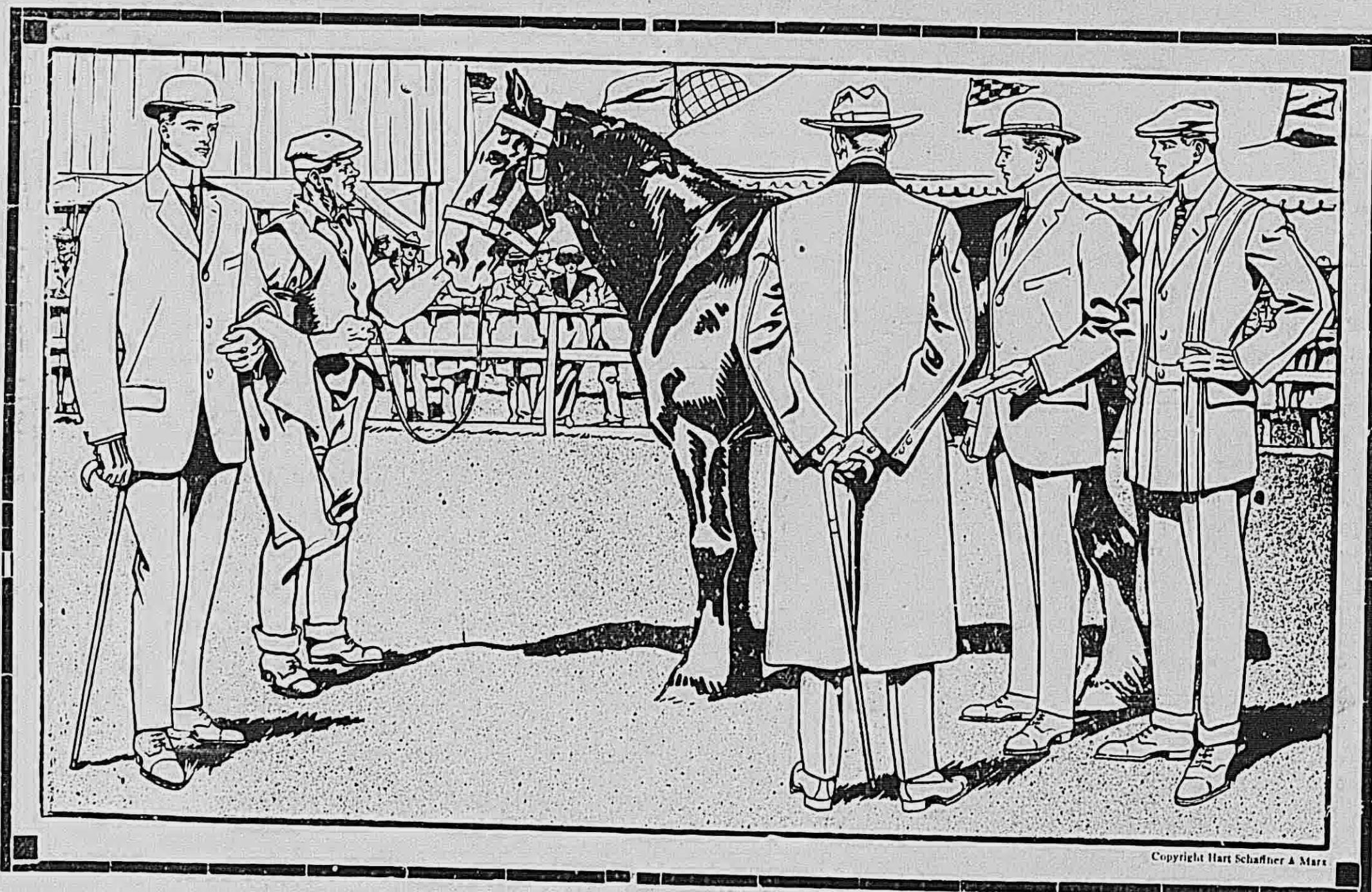
Your Xmas Shopping

"Not How Cheap but How Good."

If it is a Suit or an Overcoat that you will want to buy, remember that we are headquarters for Hart Schaffner & Marx well known Clothes. If you don't know them, your well dressed neighbor does. We have a great line and styles and shapes to fit any form or figure.

Suits, \$15.⁰⁰ to \$30.⁰⁰ Overcoats, \$15.⁰⁰ to \$30.⁰⁰

Young Men's and Boy's suits and overcoats. The kind that the young men like. We fit your figure and your purse to a dot. We want to outline to you a list of Xmas gifts appropriate for any and all members of the family and you will find them here in great array.



Men's shoes and slippers.
Ladies' shoes and slippers.
Boys' and Girls, shoes and slippers.
Neckwear.
Mufflers.
Handkerchiefs.
Hosiery.
Silk suspenders.
Jewelry.
Dress gloves.
Work gloves.

Fur gloves.
Fur caps.
Fur collars.
Hockey caps.
Caps.
Hats.
Bath robes.
House coats.
Smoking Jackets.
Sweats.
Sweater coats.

Cardigan Jackets.
Dress Skirts.
Underwear.
Leather collar bags.
Leader handkerchief cases.
Leather neckwear Cases.
Umbrellas.
Walking sticks.
Suit cases.
Bags.
Trunks.

Fur Coats and Fur-Lined Coats--a Great Line

Your trade is solicited.

Everything we sell is guaranteed.

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